

A Compleat
COLLECTION
OF
Mr. D'URFEY'S
SONGS
AND
ODES,
WHEREOF

The first Part never before Published.

*Carminē Dī superi placantur, Carminē Manes,
Horat. Epist.*

LONDON.

Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, at the Golden
Ball over against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill. 1697.

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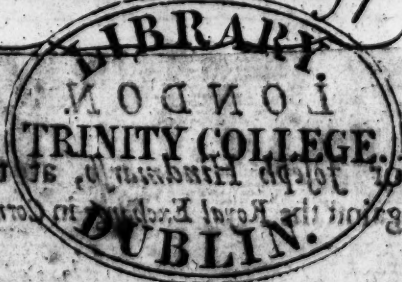
COLLECTION

OF

M.D.C.C.C.C.



Theophilus Butler Esq.



Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, at the Golden Ball over against the Royal Exchange in London. 1887.

To the Right Honourable

EDWARD

Earl of CARLISLE

Viscount Howard of Morpeth, &c.

My Lord,

IF my Niggard Stars had favoured me with a better way of addressing my gratitude to your Lordship, I had blessed for the meanness of this Trifle; and laboured to have been as diligent in my acknowledgements, as you have been ready upon all occasions to encourage my Endeavours, and raise them by your Approbation, and Patronage, to a pitch equal with any of this kind. But since Poets, like Silk-worms, have nothing to gratify their Noble Friends, and Benefactors, but the products of their Labour and Industry; be pleased, my Lord, to let me be once more Indebted to your good Nature, and accept these Sheets as a Tribute my Muse owes to you

(a 2)

for

The Epistle Dedicatory.

for a thousand favours, dayly and particularly received.

Nor ought I less to remember the honour done me by your Noble Father, the late good Earl of Carlisle, who, as he was unwearied in doing good; so he had such an easie and particular Grace in effecting it, that was as uncommon as it was admirable. And when ever he thought fit (as he often did) to Encourage this Musical way of writing, as being himself a lover of it, his Expressions were able to Inspire even the dullest Genius to do something Extraordinary.

This Age, My Lord, gives us too many examples of the discouraging of Wit, best perfections often lying hid under humble Looks, and mean Habits, which soon are discountenanced, and suppressed, by insulting Greatness, and popular Opulency. The Embroidered Figure in a gilt Coach is disgraced for ever, if he takes notice of the unprefer'd Creature that walks afoot: and ragged Ennius is soon run down, and dashed in Controversie, by Chattering Balbus, who has a better Coat on than himself, tho in the merits of the men there were perhaps no comparison: how singular a quality is it then in a Nobleman, to be untainted by Greatness, and ungoverned by this Giant Ambition, and to allow with our times best Tutor, Seneca, that *Sola virtus vera Nobilitas*, when so
many

The Epistle Dedicatory.

many are blinded with their absurd vanity. And how much ought I to value your Lordships favour, whose Humility and Goodness rather descends to treat me as your Equal, than otherwise, and whom from the Rank of one of your humblest Admirers, and Servants (higher than which my Ambition never extended) you have been pleased to dignifie amongst the number of your Friends, and been always free and ready to encourage, and improve, the Genius that you found was growing in me.

Odes in their natural beauty, and all that sort of Lyrick Poetry, was in former Ages of equal value with any other kind wharover. Horace being by the judicious as much admired for his Songs as Satyrs: and Anacreon, and Catullus, fail'd not each to shew an admirable Genius in their different writings to the contentment, and extream satisfaction of all that Read them. Nor is it less valued in this Age, in which we live, for the niceness of Wit, and the pleasantness of Conceit, which I think I may truly say is not paralleled by any other Country, or Language whatsoever; the Italian and French, generally rather taking pains to choose words for Sound, than for Sence, and liquids that shall roll the Cadence smoothly off the Tongue, are of far greater value with them, than the nicest Conceit, or Thought that Wit, or Fancy, can invent or express.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

For my own part I have lately taken up a new way of Diction, viz. by making of Songs, and Odes, to the hardest and most taking Tunes, In which I have not been altogether unsuccessful; this is a way of writing which is not every ones Talent, it being necessary for the Poet, that undertakes this, to have a knowledge of Notes as well as Letters, and to have Ears to judge of Musick, as well as Sense to consider Expression: yet is not this way without its extreme inconvenience neither, for Fanny and Expression, being both bound to humour the Musick, oft makes the Line Read roughly, which Sings with all the smoothness imaginable. As for Example, in the Horse Race, A Song sung to the late King at New-Market, viz.

To Horse, brave Boys of New-Market, to Horse,
You'll lose the Match by longer delaying;
The Gelding just now was led over the Course,
I think the Devil's in you for staying:
Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters,
Bets may recover all lost at the Groom-
Porters. &c.

Which of necessity must run Rough in Reading,
but if you heard it well performed to that pretty
Tune, (which the Scots call, Cock up thy Bea-
ver) to which it was made, you would find the
smoothness

The Epistle Dedicatory

smoothness natural and easie, and then in this
other, viz.

Have you seen Battledore play, (one?)
Where the Shuttlecock flies to and from
Or, have you noted an April day,
Now raining, now shining,
Now warming, now storming;
Ah! just, just such a thing is a Woman.

The odd word (Just) here which makes the Line
seem a Syllable too long in the common Measure, is
obliged to be there by the Musick, the Tune being
imperfect without it, therefore I hope the Reader
wherever he finds the Lines uneven and Read
roughly, will justly lay the fault upon the Musick,
to which the Words are confined, as he may better
inform himself by looking on the Notes and Words
together.

My Lord, I should not have troubled your
Lordship with this Digression, had I not thought
it absolutely necessary, there being a sort of people
that having more ill nature than Judgment, that
have thought the unevenness of the Lines in some
of the difficult Pieces to be my want of skill in not
understanding Measures rightly, and not through
any constraint of humouring the Notes, which I
leave to your Lordships apprehension, and the rest
(a 4) of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of the judicious, from whose just censures I wholly expect my reputation.

I am not to learn now that I am out of favour with some Young, Raw, unfinished Sparks in this Town, either for cherishing a sullen Honesty, that will not let me smooth their imperfections, or because they think I see more of them than they could wish I would, but they seldom consider another's Charity, and good Nature, having none of their own. And that there are a thousand follies acted every day, that deserve the severest Lash of wholesome Satyr, that meet with Pity instead of Reproof; besides the severe sence I have of my own Failings, had I no good nature, were enough to make me patiently suffer injuries, and endure a number of faults, in other people, but such as think it is through want of resentment, or a Genius that I suffer childish reflections, or fail to expose an ungenerous Vice, may for their satisfaction find their mistake as soon as they please.

It is on the Approbation, and liking of such as you, my Lord, that I desire to build the little Edifice of my Fame, whose Candor, and Justice, will first weigh and examine before you Condemn, for you will neither let a Fault slip without Censure, nor a thing Commendable pass without Applause, being neither biassed by Envy, nor ill Nature, two Vices which I dare boldly affirm are utter strangers

The Epistle Dedicatory.

strangers to your Lordships Family, where Ambition has no footing, where Vertue and Goodness flow through all the Branches, and where Greatness is covered with so modest a Veil, as if she were afraid to put the humble Suitor out of countenance; This since it is my great good Fortune to prove and know, I beseech your Lordship to give me leave to declare, without being taxed with Flattery, which I hate, or Confidence in presuming to speak your Worth, being so deficient in capacity, which I most humbly beseech your Lordship to excuse and pardon, and rank always amongst your faithful Admirers,

Your Lordships most obliged

and most humble Servant,

T. D'urfey.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I bringer to your Lordship's Family, a Book of
 Songs, which has no footing, where Virtue and Goodness
 flows through all the Branches, and where Great-
 ness is covered with so much a Veil, as if the were
 afraid to put the humble Nation out of countenance.
 This I have done, my great good Fortune to prove
 and know, I beseech your Lordship to give me
 leave to deliver without being taxed with Flattery.
 I have, which I hope, are contained in presenting to
 your Lordship, which I humbly beseech your Lordship to excuse.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Those Persons who desire to use the
 Notes to these Songs, may have most
 of them Printed with the Musick, at *Joseph
 Hindmarshes*, at the *Golden Ball* over against
 the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*.

Your Lordship's most obliged

and humble Servant

J. Hindmarsh

Divine was their Mirth, their pleasure extreme,
~~And Beauty and Joy, till was the Theme.~~

A NEW

COLLECTION

OF

SONGS, &c.

PART I.

*A Triumphal Ode, made for the Society of
 Gentlemen at the Middle Temple.*

I.

When the Gods at a Banquet did
 Revel above,
 And *Ganymed* fill'd out a Bump-
 per to *Jove*,
Apollo and *Bacchus*, their joy to inspire,
 The Muses, and Graces, call'd into the Quire:
 Divine

Divine was their Musick, their pleasure extreme,
And Beauty, and Loyalty, still was the Theme.

Second Movement.

To *Jove*, and *Juno's* Health full Bowls were
crown'd,
And to th' immortal Powers went round,
Who from their Thrones did their bright Gob-
lets throw,
In frolick, down upon the Globe below.
Then to express how Loyal we'll appear,
Altho no gods, we'll imitate 'em near,
And drink full Bowls to *Jove*, and *Juno* here:
Cesar, and *Gloriana* let it be, (Monarch he;
The Brightest Queen on Earth, the Greatest
And if the Gods refuse to pledge the same,
We'll throw our empty Glasses up to them.

Third Movement.

Great *James*, and *Apollo* upon us do smile,
The god of the Year, and the King of this Isle,
All sends we wish him that enervate his sway,
Since all are his Subjects, we'll joyntly obey;
Both *English* and *Irish*, in this shall agree,
Who serve the King best, the best Nation shall
be.

Advice

Advice to the Ladies.

Ladies of *London*, both *Wealthy* and *Fair*,
Whom ev'ry *Town-Fop* is pursuing,
Still of your *Purses* and *Persons* take care,
The greatest deceit lies in *Wooing*;
From the first *Rank* of the *Beau Esprit*,
Their *Vices* I therefore discover,
Down to the basest *Mechanick* degree,
That so you may choose out your *Lover*.

I First for the *Courtier*, look to his *Estate*,
Before he too far be proceeding;
He of *Court-Favours* and places will prate,
And settlements make of his *Breeding*.
Nor wear the *Yoak* with dull *Country* souls,
Who though they are fat in their *Purses*,
Brush with *Bristles*, and topping full *Bowls*,
Make *Love* to their *Dogs*, and their *Horses*.

III. But

III.

But above all the rank Citizens hate,
 The Court, or the Country, choose rather,
 Who'd have a Block-head that gets an Estate,
 By sins of the Cuckold his Father.
 The sneaking Clown all intriguing does mar,
 Like Apprentices huffing and ranting;
 Cit puts his Sword on, without Temple-Bar,
 To go to White-Hall & Gallanting.

IV.

Let no spruce Officers keep you in awe,
 The Sword is a thing transitory;
 Nor be blown up with the Lungs of the Law,
 A world have been cheated before you:
 Soon you will find your Captain grow bold,
 And then 'twill be hard to o'come him,
 And if the Lawyer touch your Copy hold,
 The Devil will ne'r get it from him.

V.

Fly like the Plague, the rough Tarpawling Boys,
 That Court you with lying Bravadoes,
 Tying your Sences with Bombast and Noise,
 And stories brought from the Barbadoes.

And

And ever shun the Doctor, that fool,
 Who seeking to mend your condition,
 Tickles your Pulse, and peeps in your Close-
 Then sets up a famous Physician. (Stool)

The innocent Confession: Set to a Tune
 of Mr. PURCELLS.

I. Good night be host,

When first *Amintor* fled for a life,
 My innocent heart was so tender;
 That tho I push'd him away from the bliss,
 My Eyes declar'd my Heart was won,
 I fain an Artful Coines would use,
 Before I the Fort did surrender:
 But Love would suffer no more rich abuse,
 And soon alas, my cheat was known.
 He'd sit all day, and laugh and play,
 A thousand pretty things would say;
 My hand he'd squeeze, and press my knees,
 Till further on he got by degrees.

My heart just like a Vessel at Sea,
 Was toss'd when *Aminor* was near me,
 But, Ah! so cunning a Pilot was he;

Through doubts and fears it still sail'd on,
 I thought in him no danger could be,
 So wisely he knew how to steer me,
 And thus was easily brought to agree,
 To taste of joys before unknown.

Well might he boast,
 His pains not lost,
 For soon he found the golden Coast:
 Enjoy'd the Oar, and touch'd a shoar,
 Where never Merchant went before.

The Philly: A Song.

HE that marries a woman that's silly,
 He had better have match'd with a Philly,
 If he seek for content in his life;
 For a Mare has full as much Beauty,
 And always is train'd to her duty,
 Which seldom we find in a Wife.

II. Your

II.

Your Wife if she once gets a Lover,
 Will Intrigue with him forty times over,
 And blush not for what she had done,
 But your Mare, the more generous Creature,
 If she once has a touch of her Nature,
 Will kick the next Lover comes on!

III.

Your Wife you must treat tho she grumble;
 But your Mare you may beat if she stumble,
 And she's never the worse for't a pin;
 Nay when you get drunk and retire,
 She will carry you out of the mire,
 When a dam'd Wife will thrust a man in.

*A new Song, made to a pretty Country Dance
at Court, call'd Excuse me.*

I.

ALL the Town so lewd are grown ;
Hereafter you must excuse me :
If when you discover your self a Lover,
I think it is all a lie ;
Oaths, and sighs, and melting Eyes,
You'll sacrifice to seduce me :
Thus silly poor women are oft undone,
And happily warn'd am I.
Excuse me for flying,
And for my denying,
For faith Sir I must refuse ye ;
Excuse me for knowing
The cheats of your wooing,
And for your request excuse me :
Excuse me if when you vow'd, and swore,
I thought you design'd to deceive me more ;
For now who makes Love till his Eyes run ore
Shall ne'r the sooner abuse me.

II. Youth

II.

Youth and Wit, did once invade
 My Heart, e'r I scarce wastwenty,
 And I silly creature, through mere good Nature,
 Believ'd him whate'r he swore:
 Young, unpractis'd in the Trade,
 Of Favours I was not scanty:
 But he who my innocent Love betray'd,
 Shall never deceive me more;
 For now though he flatter,
 And Ogle and chatter;
 And still in the Dance does choose me,
 Nay argue the case too,
 And look like an Afs too;
 He after all this shall lose me:
 For now I will Female cunning use,
 And all our stock of Revenge produce:
 One Rebel to honour has broke the Truce,
 And all mankind shall excuse me.

A new Song, Set to a new Play-House Tune.

ALL ye Town Fools,
Whom Petticoat rules,
If e'r to be happy you mean,
Choose not for sport
Tootall, nor too short,
Too fat, nor yet not too lean :
But take the Taper middle siz'd,
If you find her, she's a Darling,
She's worth a hundred thousand Millions in
Sterling,
To please by day or by night :
She that ne'r car'd for friends advice,
Or sells her Love for Extortion,
Her soul and her body are fram'd just in pro-
portion ;
Ah ! this is the Girl of delight.

To Cinthia : *A Song in two Movements,*
Set by Mr. Ackeroyd.

I.

THere's such Religion in my Love,
 It must like Vertue have reward,
 And *Strephons* faith will from above,
 Though not below find due regard.
 Tell me no more of friends, or foes,
 That hinder what your Heart design'd,
 No Parents can your Love dispose,
 No more than they beget your Mind.

II.

Great Love the Monarch of our Wills,
 When I am Lost by your disdain,
 Will doom the scorn your Lover kills,
 To be your fatal Beauties bane :
 You, like a Bee, have stung my Heart,
 Yet there th' avenging Dart does lie,
 Which gives you in my fate a part ;
 And you'r undone, as well as I.

Second Movement, for two Voices.

For Heaven that no peace to the perjur'd allows,
 In fates gloomy Book keeps account of all
 Vows ;

And *Jove* that does view
 The false and the true,
 Knows who keeps her promise, and who de-
 ceives:

Who has Sworn by the Skys,
 And *Ganymeds* Eyes,
 No woman that mingles Affection with Art,
 And here in the Farce of the World plays a
 part,
 Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart.

The King of Taunton: Set by
 Mr. PURSELL.

A Grasshopper and a Fly, in Summer hot
 and dry,
 In eager argument were met, about Priority ;
 Says the Fly to the Grasshopper,
 From mighty Race I Spring,
 Bright *Phæbus* was my Dad 'tis known ;
 And I eat and drink with a King :

Says

Says the Grasshopper to the Fly,
 Such Rogues are still prefer'd ;
 Your Father might be of high degree,
 But your Mother was but a Turd,
 So Rebel *Jemmy S*—
 That did to Empire soar,
 His Father might be the Lord knows what,
 But his Mother we knew a W—

The Despair : *A Scotch Song.*

I.

E'RE *Maggys Eyn* burnt me with Love,
 I held up my Noddle full high,
 No Golin in aw the gay Grove,
 Nor Tulip so bonny asay.
 I Pip'd, I Danc'd, and I Sung,
 I Woo'd, but had no gud speed,
 Therefore to *Scotland* I'll gang,
 To lig my bones o'r the *Tweed*.

II.

To *Moggy* my Love I did tell,
 Salt Tears did my Passion express,
 But alas! I e'n lov'd her too well,
 And women like like a man less.
 Her Heart was frozen and cawd;
 Her Pride my Ruin decreed,
 Therefore Ise wander abroad,
 Or heam agen o'r the *Tweed*.

III.

The Great Duke of *Albany*,
 Whom Heaven defend from his foe,
 I hear is a ganging that way,
 And Ise gang with him I trow.
 A broken Heart I mun bear;
 The frowns of *Moggy* I dread:
 At heam I'll sit and despair,
 Or drown my self in the *Tweed*.

Another

*Another Scotch Song, by way of Dialogue,
Set to a very pretty Northern Tune.*

I.

Willy. **C**ANST thou not weave Bone-Lace?

Jenny. **A**y marry, that I can.

Willy. CANST thou not lisp with Grace?

Jenny. Yes better than any one.

Willy. CANST thou not Card and Spin?

Jenny. I brilady that I can;

Willy. And do another thing,

Jenny. Wheigh I'll do what I can.

Willy. Come then and be my sweet,

To Bed-I'll carry thee;

Jenny. No, no, gud faith, not a bit,

Unless you marry me.

II.

Willy. Marriage is not the Mode,

Jenny. Then I must make it Sir,

Willy. Pox o the common Road;

Jenny. Ise ne'r forsake it Sir.

Willy. Thou

Willy. Thou shalt in me possess
All joys that can be had,
Give a consenting kiss ;

Jenny. First fetch the Man o' God,
Let him but say a short Grace,
So dear I tender ye,
Kiss me, or do what you please,
Faith I'll not hinder ye.

III.

Willy. We shall both weary grow,
Chains soon will tire ye ;

Jenny. Ah ! never tell me so,
Since I admire ye.

Willy. Still when I touch thy breast,
Thy tempting Charms do fire me,
But yet I hate a Priest :

Jenny. Come then no nigher me :
Though you would tempt me to Bed,
I'll no such filly fool,
But if you'll buckle and Wed,
You'll kiss your Belly full.

**The Soldiers farewel to his Mistris: Set
to a Tune of Mr. Acheroyds, and written
in the time of the late Rebellion.**

Dear *Cinthia* 'tis certain the times are now
chang'd,
From Beauties soft Charms
I must follow Alarms,
And must leave thy dear Arms
For a suit of hard Armour,
The Robe of the War, War, War,
That makes Heroes immortal,
And builds up a Monarchs Renown.
'Tis true When I see thy bright Eyes :
Ah! when I think of the Joys
That have charm'd my soul and shine,
Then I could Curse the busie bustling time,
Then I could wish that Ambition were flown,
To the Camp or the Crown, and left Love alone.

The

The Coquet: *A Song made in answer to a
Lady that would believe no man lov'd well,
unless he underment the fatal proof.*

I.

CHloe a Coquet in Fashion,
Cruel as the raging Flood,
Scorn'd my *Billet Denc* and Passion,
And would have me write in blood,
Stab my Heart to prove 'twas true,
But Pox take me if e'r I do.

II.

In her Arms, to dye with pleasure,
Is the Milky way to peace;
Dusty Graves yeild no such treasure,
There all ends of Loving cease.
Puppies drown to show y'are true,
But Pox take me if e'r I do.

III. For

III.

For this freak, though I abhor her,
 As who in mischief can delight,
 Yet through crowds of Rivals, for her,
 Like a Fury I could fight :
 But to hang, *Entende vous*,
 The Pox take me if e'r I does.

Loves Advice.

I.

Musing on cares of human State,
 In a sad Cypress Grove,
 A strange dispute I heard of late,
 'Twixt Vertue, Fame, and Love :
 A penfive Shepherd ask'd advice,
 And their opinions crav'd,
 How he might hope to be wife,
 To get a place beyond the Skies,
 And how he might be sav'd.

II. Nice

II.

Nice Vertue Preach'd Religions Laws,
 Paths to Eternal Rest ;
 To fight his Kings and Countrys Cause,
 Fame counsell'd him was best :
 But Love oppos'd their noisie Tongues,
 And thus their Votes out-brav'd ;
 Get a Mistris, Fair and Young,
 Love fiercely, constantly, and long,
 And then thou shalt be sav'd.

Chorus.

Swift as a thought, the Amorous Swain,
 To *Silvias* Cottage flies ;
 In soft expressions told her plain,
 The way to Heavenly joys :
 She who with Piety was stor'd,
 Delays no longer crav'd :
 Charm'd by the God whom they ador'd,
 She smil'd and took him at his word ;
 And thus they both were sav'd.

Womens Mischief: *A Song.*

I.

THE poor *Endimion* lov'd too well,
 A Nymph divinely fair,
 Whose Eyes had known the way to kill,
 And to procure despair :
 For she had all her Sexes Pride,
 And all their Beauty too ;
 And every Amorous Swain defid'd,
 When e'r they came to Woo.

II.

Ah ! see the Love-sick Youth wou'd cry,
 What griefs my Bosom wears ?
 My sorrows in my sighs descry,
 And Passion in my tears :
 Yet she regardless saw him weep,
 Not minding his desert ;
 Which struck his wounded Breast so deep,
 At last it broke his Heart.

III. And

III.

And now upon her guilty Head,
 The sin of Murder lies,
 She shrinks, and starts, to see him dead,
 And pity fills her Eyes :
 Ah ! see what creatures women are,
 She Loves now more and more ;
 Does sigh, and languish, and despair,
 For him she scorn'd before.

A New Scotch Song, set to a pretty Tune of
Mr. ACKEROYDS.

I.

STretch'd upon the Grass,
 One Evening as the Sun was setting,
 There a pretty Lass
 Was sighing fore in Muckle woe,
 Cruel fate she cry'd,
 How long have I a Love been getting,
 Ife had been a Bride,
 Had fortune smil'd twa years ago.

Now

Now what garrs my Heart to Rtie,
 Sanny never comes to Woo,
 Welladay what mun I do;
 He quite forlorn,
 Alas! and still as true a Maid,
 As ever I was born.

II.

Moggy that was foul
 As Hicks of Leith in Rainy weather;
 Yet to make her glad
 Has got a Lad, full six foot high.
 Jenny black as Coal,
 And Wully Cragg are link'd together:
 Every dowdy fool
 Has always better luck than I.
 Yellow, Fair, or Black, or Brown,
 Every Trollop now goes down,
 Nean is left but I alone.
 He past eighteen,
 And yet as right a Maid as e'r,
 The Deel's in aw the Men.

A New Song, set to a famous Italian Ayre.

I.

WHY are my Eyes still flowing?
 Why does my Heart thus trembling
 Why do I sigh? when going (move?
 To see the darling Saint I love:
 Ah! she is Heaven, and in her Eye,
 The Deity,
 There is no life like what she can give,
 Nor any Hell like taking my leave.

II.

Tell me no more of glory,
 To Courts Ambition I'll resign;
 But tell a long, long story
 Of *Celias* Shape, her Face, and Mind;
 Speak too of raptures that would life destroy,
 To Enjoy:
 Had I the Kingdom, Crown, Scepter, and Ball,
 For that dear minute I'd part with 'em all.

Calm,

Calm, calm, the raging Ocean,
Stop, stop, its rapid motion,
Bid the stormy Winds obey, (Thunder;
And crush the dreadful Clouds that teems with
Quench the hissing Bolt in the Sea.
Frame, Frame, a second Nature,
Oppose the great Creator;
With a breath turn round the Poles,
And make the Savage Heathen Nations wonder
what Almighty pow'r so far controuls.
Prove, prove, from second Causes that Winds
That Seas flow, (blow,
That Plants grow, (bestow;
And prove that Nature does Heavenly Joys
When all this you do, from the wond'rous few,
That Vice ne'r knew,
I then shall view,
But not till then, a woman true.

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A NEW
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS
AND
POEMS.

PART II.

By *Thomas D'urfey, Gent.*

LONDON.

Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the *Golden Ball* over against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhil*. 1687.

A NEW
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS
AND
POEMS.

PART II.

By Thomas Parnley, Gent.

LONDON

Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand, at the Sign of the Golden Sun.

A NEW
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS, &c.

PART II

A Song made to a Tune, by the command
of a Lady of Quality.

I.

AT the foot of a Willow close under
the shade,
Young *Celion* and *Silvia* one Evening
were laid, (Love,
The Youth pleaded strongly for fruits of his
But honor had forc'd her his flame to reprove,
A 2 She

She cries, where's the Lustre when Clouds
shade the Sun ?

Or what is brisk Nectar the taste being gone ?
In flowers on the stalks sweetest Odours do
dwell,

But if gather'd the Rose is, it loses the smell.

II.

(ply'd,
Thou fairest of Nymphs the bold Shepherd re-
If e'r thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side ;
In matters of State let dull reasons be shown,
But Love is a power will be sway'd by his own ;
Nor should a Coy Beauty be counted so rare,
For scandal can blast both the Chast and the
Fair ;

(fill,
Most fierce are the joys Love's Alembick doth
And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.

*The Bully, a Song in the Fool turned
Crick, set by Mr. Lock.*

I.

Room, Room, Room for a man oth' Town
That takes delight in roaring,
That daily rambles up and down,
And spends his Night in Whoring;
That for the Modish name of Spark
Dares his Companions rally,
Commits a Murder in the dark,
Then sneaks into an Alley.

II.

To every Female that he sees
He swears he bears affection,
Disdains all Law, Arrests, or Fees,
By help of a protection;
At last intending worse wrongs
By some resenting Cully,
He's decently whipt through the Lungs,
And there's an end of Bully.

A Song in Madam Fickle, set by Mr. Tunder.

I.

Beneath a shady Willow, near
 A Rivers' Purling streams,
Astrea careless of her Sheep
 With folded Arms lay fast asleep,
 Possess'd with Golden Dreams,
 Her working faculties supply'd
 What drowzy sleep deny'd:
 For oft she'd smile, and sigh, and grasp the Air,
 Thinking her much lov'd *Celadon* was there.

II.

But as this sleeping harmless Maid
 Lay rapt in silent joy,
 Possessing all that could be sought
 In fetter'd senses happy thought,
 Her Swain came Fishing by:
 He eager to enjoy the bliss,
 Awak'd her with a Kiss;
 She Blushing rose, and cry'd unhappy Fate,
 Ah *Celadon* thou now art come too late.

*A Song on Dorinda going in a Barge
up the Thames.*

I.

BRight was the Morning, cool was the Air,
Serene was all the Sky,
When on the Waves I left my dear,
The Centre of my Joy;
Heaven and Nature smiling were,
And nothing sad but I.

II.

Each Rose Field did Odours spread,
All Fragrant was the shore;
Each River God rose from his Bed,
And sigh'd and own'd her power:
Curling their Waves they deck'd their head,
As proud of what they bore.

III.

So when the fair Egyptian Queen
 Her Hero went to see,
Cidnus swell'd o'r his Banks in pride
 As much in love as he:
Cidnus swell'd, &c.

IV.

Glide on ye waters, bear these Lines
 And tell her how distress'd,
 Bear all my sighs ye gentle winds
 And waft 'em to her Breast,
 Tell her if e'r she prove unkind,
 I never shall have rest.

Celias Victory: A Song made at Epfom,
and set by Mr. Farmer.

I.

BOast no more fond Love thy power,
 Or thy passion sweet and sower,
 Bow to *Celia*, show thy duty,
Celia sways the world of Beauty;

Venus

Venus now does kneel before her.
And admiring Crowds adore her.

II.

Like the Sun that gilds the Morning
Celia shines, but more adorning;
She like fate can wound a Lover,
Angel-like too can recover;
She can kill or save from dying,
When the Ravisht soul is flying.

III.

Sweeter than the blooming Rose is,
Whiter than the falling Snow is;
Then such eyes the great Creator,
Chose as Lamps to kindle Nature;
Curst is he that can refuse her,
Ah hard fate that I must lose her.

**Cloes Complaint : A Song set by
Mr. Farmer.**

I.

Long I've been wounded, but ne'r durst
complain, (Chain;
Long, long have been fetter'd yet still hug the
Long cruel Parents have tortur'd my Love,
And Fate long has strove the dear flame to re-
move ; (Wind
But still like a Rock 'gainst the Tide and the
I fix, let the Torrent prove ne'r so unkind ;
And whilst my *Silvander* pursues his desire,
I still bear the Tinder and he the Fire.

II.

The wise may dull Reasons and Morals propose,
And clog my sick fancy with Precepts like those;
But ah! how in vain, how vainly they preach,
Great Love surmounts all that their reason can
teach ;
Love the great Agent that Nature employs,
The God of our Passions and source of our joys;
Without

Without whom we soul-less and wretched
 should prove,
 For Mortals are Beasts till refin'd by Love.

*A Song set to an Excellent Tune of
 Monsieur Baptift.*

I.

Bid the Spring that's now a coming
 Keep the Virgin Buds from blooming ;
 Bid the Deer forbear the Fountains,
 Or the Snow the Tops of Mountains ;
 Bid the Stormy Winds leave blowing,
 Or the Sea its ebb and flowing ;
 All these wonders may be doing
 Far sooner than to move,
 To move,
 To move
 My constant Love.

II.

So short is our lifes sweetest minute,
 That we lose it whilst we win it ;

For

For if lasting were the Passion,
 Who! ah! who would heed Salvation?
 All the Joys that Heaven Created;
 All our sorrows are abated;
 The dear bliss makes ev'ry Lover rated
 A Deity and more,
 And more,
 Much more,
 By Beauties power.

Immortal Lovers

Immortal Lovers smile,
 And run your happy Races,
 Possess the pleasing toil
 Of languishing Embraces:
 Let Zealots prate of Joys above,
 They know not how nor where,
 We know a Paradice in Love,
 And take no further care.

*A Song Sung to the King and Queen upon
Sir John Moor's being Chosen Lord Mayor.*

I.

All Hail to great *Cæsar*, Lov'd Monarch,
That Three Mighty Kingdoms dost sway,
All Hail *Gloriana*,
The Lands *Arcana*,
The Brightest Planet in Loves Milky way.

II.

Long, long have the stories of Plottings and
Treasons
Assisted our fears,
The *Whigs* and the *Tories* in Mutiny joyn,
Like a new Civil War:
But now *Ignoramus*
No more shall shame us,
Dissolv'd and quell'd by a Loyal Lord Mayor.

III. No

III.

No more shall the furies possess the dull Crowd
 With Distraction and Care,
 No more shall the Juries excuse 'em High Trea-
 son

To show what they dare:
 No more shall Professors,
 Affront the Addressors
 Since *London* now has a Loyal Lord Mayor.

IV.

Then welcome Great *Cæsar*, and welcome the
 Pretor

That now rules the Chair,
 Our hearts with a pleasure do Crown the swift
 Minutes

Of this happy year:
 For 'tis strange in the City,
 The more is the pity,
 To see, to see a Loyal Lord Mayor.

The

The Second Song in Sir Barnaby Whigg, to
the Tune of the Delights of the Bottle.

I.

Farewel my lov'd science, my former delight,
Moliere is quite ruffled, then how should I
write;
My fancy's grown sleepy, my quibbling is done,
And design or Invention alas I have none; (on,
But still let the Town never doubt my Condi-
Though I fall a dam'd Poet I'll mount a Musitian.

II.

I got fame by filching from Poems and Plays,
But my Fiddling and drinking has lost me the
Like a fury I rail'd, like a Satyr I writ, (*Bays*;
Thersites my humour, and *Fleckno* my wit;
But to make some amends for my snarling and
lashing,
I divert all the Town with my Thrumming and
Thrashing.

The

The Serenade : *A Song in the Injured Princess*
or a fatal wager, set by Captain Pack.

I.

THE Larks awake the drouzy morn,
 My dearest lovely *Chloe* rise,
 And with thy dazzling Rays adorn
 The Ample World and Azure Skies :
 Each Eye of thine out-shines the Sun,
 Though deckt in all his light,
 As much as he excells the Moon,
 Or each small twinkling Star at Noon,
 Or Meteor of the Night.

II.

Look down and see your Beauties power,
 See, see the heart in which you reign ;
 No Conquer'd slave in Triumph bore
 Did ever wear so strong a Chain :
 Feed me with smiles that I may live,
 I'll ne'r wish to be free ;
 Nor ever hope for kind Reprieve,
 Or Loves grateful bondage leave
 For Immortality.

A Song to a very Beautiful but very Proud
Lady, set by Mr. Farmer in two Movements.

I.

Chloe, your scorn abate, kind beams discover,
Frowns purchase all mens hate, but gain
no Lover;
Nature and Feature design'd you rare,
But whilst you are proud you are not fair;
Nor can the joys of Passion prove,
For Pride is still a foe to Love.

II.

To Courts where Tyrants sway, who'll venture
thither?
Or who will put to Sea in Stormy weather?
Faces and Graces no lustre own,
When shaded by disdainful frown;
He'r to the Sun had the *Persian* bow'd,
Had he hid his bright Glories behind a Cloud.

B

Second

Second Movement.

But when the Bottles rowl about and Glasses,
 Plague on all Intrigues, and pox on charming
 Faces ;

But when the Bottles rowl about and Glasses,
 We know no disdain, nor value charming Faces;
 Let the puny Lover sigh and whine and moan,
 Like a fluttering drone, make an Insect humming,
 Beauty here we see, more bright than any she,
 Never out of humour, kind and always coming.

*Scotch Song in the Royalist, made to a
 Pleasant New Tune.*

II.

TWa bonny Lads were Sawney and Jockey,
 Blith Jockey was lov'd but Sawney unlucky;
 Yet Sawney was tall, well-favour'd and witty,
 But Ise in my heart thought Jockey more pretty;
 For when he view'd me, lu'd me, woo'd me,
 Never was Lad so like to undo me;
 Fie, I cryed, yet almost died,
 Lest Jockey should gang, and come no more to
 me.

II. Jockey

II.

Jockey would Love, but he would not Marry,
 And Ise had a dread lest I should miscarry;
 For his cunning Tongue with Wit was so gilded,
 That I was afraid my heart would have yielded;
 Daily he bless'd me, press'd me, kiss'd me,
 Lost was the hour methought, when he miss'd
 me;
 Crying, denying, and fighting, I'd woo him,
 But ah! much ado had I to gang fro him.

III.

But cruel Fate robb'd me of this Jewel,
 For *Sawney* would make him fight in a Duel,
 And down in a Dale with Cypress surrounded,
 Ah! there to his death poor *Jockey* was wound-
 ed;
 But when he thrill'd him, fell'd him, kill'd him,
 Who can express my grief that beheld him!
 Raging, I tore my Hair to bind him,
 And vow'd, and swore, I'd ne'r stay behind him.

Kingston Church : A Song.

Sweet use your time, abuse your time
 No longer, but be wise;
 Your Lovers now discover you
 Have Beauty to be priz'd;
 But if you'r Coy you'll lose the joy,
 So Curst will be your Fate,
 The flower will fade, you'll die a Maid,
 And mourn your chance too late.

II.
 At Thirteen years and Fourteen years
 The Virgins heart may range,
 Twixt Fifteen years and Fifty years
 You'll find a wondrous chance;
 Then whilst in Tune in May and June,
 Let Love and Youth agree;
 For if you stay till Christmas day
 The Devil shall woo for me.

The Mistis : *A Song made to an Excellent
Scotch Tune.*

I.

COME all ye smiling Loves
That grace the Throne of Beauty,
Adorn the viridant Groves
Where Charming *Celia* lies ;
To her the Virgins round
Pay homage, zeal and duty,
With Heaven her Face is Crown'd,
And Fate sits in her Eyes.

II.

A thousand Shepherds wait upon her,
Thousands she refuses still,
Though at her feet they lie,
And languish pine and die ;
A too too rigid point of Honor,
Which her vertue uses still,
Makes wretched all the Plains,
And murders all the Swains.

III.

See where Loves Monarch goes
 To watch the Dazling Creature,
 For fear her Eyes should close,
 And shroud the World in shades,
 Possess her with my Woes,
 Thou mighty God of Nature ;
 Tell her the sweetest Role
 The blast of time will fade.

III.

Inspire her to believe my Passion,
 And receive the truest Love,
 That ever found a part
 In any Virgins heart ;
 Ah ! tell her Pride is out of Fashion,
 Beauty should divinely prove,
 Like Heaven that mercy pays
 To the meanest wretch that prays.

A Song made to a Tune for the L. G.

Shining Stars are *Celias* Eyes,
 Sweet Roses bloom in either Cheek,
 Love from those his flame supplies,
 From these does sweet Odour seek;
 Every Grace that decks her Face
 Shows her of more than mortal race;
 Every Charm does so controul,
 That she like Heaven forms the soul;
 Soft as down each outward part,
 But, ah! no Marble like her heart.

To Astrea.

I.

How long my dearest *Astrea*, how long
 Must *Celadons* love be delay'd?
 You know that my passion though vig'rous
 and strong,
 If kept from fruition, will fade
 And perish like flies in the shade;

B 4

And

And when Icy Age does our Battlements storm,
Our wishes can give us no power to perform.

II.

The blossom that now on the stalk looks so
gay,

Is wither'd oft by an ill Air,

The Beauty that now looks splendid as May,

Will perish through sickness or care,

Such destiny follows the fair :

Then use your best Minutes to Love and be
kind,

For time never leaves any Beauty behind.

*A Song in the Royallist to the King,
set by Doctor Blow.*

THE great *Augustus* like the glorious Sun,
Long on the Rabble weeds with splendor
shon;

Yet all the fruits of his bright influence

Was an ill Odour, nauseous to the senses;

Long

Long slighted they his grace and love,
 His mercy made 'em Rebels prove;
 Nor would they be kept under,
 Like the rude Antients that affronted
 Jove, (der,
 Because they never felt his lightning or his thun-

Chorus.

Then let 'em be confounded,
 And so may every Round-Head,
 That stands not up for King and Laws,
 And so may every Round-Head
 Be wretched and confounded,
 That dares defend the good old Cause.

*A Song in the Fond Husband in the praise
 of Marriage, set by Mr. Turner.*

I.

Under the Branches of a spreading Tree,
Silvander sat from care and danger free;
 And his inconstant roving humor shows
 To his dear Nymph, that sung of Marriage
 VOWS;

But

But she with flowing graces charming Air,
 Crys sic, sic, my dear give o'r,
 Ah, tempt the pow'rs no more,
 But thy offence with penitence repair;
 For though vice in a Beauty seem sweet in thy
 Arms,
 An Innocent Beauty has always more Charms.

II.

Ah, *Philida!* the angry Swain reply'd,
 Is not a Mistis better than a Bride?
 What Man that universal yoke retains,
 But meets an hour to sigh and curse his chains?
 She smiling crys, change, change that impious
 mind,
 Without it we could prove,
 Not half the joys of Love,
 'Tis Marriage makes the feeling bliss divine.
 Then all our life long we from scandal remove,
 And at last fall the Trophies of honour and
 Love.

An Epitaph on Dorinda.

IN this cold Monument lies one,
 That I know who has lain upon;
 The happier he whose sight would charm,
 And touch would frozen Hermits warm:
 Lovely as the Dawning East,
 Was this Marbles frozen guest,
 As Glorious and as bright as day,
 As Odoriferous as May;
 Whom I admir'd as soon as knew,
 And now her memory pursue
 With such a superstitious lust,
 That I would ravish even her dust;
 She all perfection had in store,
 Beauty, as if design'd a Whore;
 Or, as if Nature in her Face
 Design'd dull Vertue to disgrace;
 Civil she was, and young, and wise,
 And in her calling so precise,
 That industry had made her prove
 The kissing School-Mistress of Love;
 But Death Ambitious to become
 Her Pupil leaves his Chastly home:

And

And seeing how we us'd her here,
 The raw-bon'd Rascal Ravisht her;
 Who pretty soul resign'd her Breath,
 To practice Letchery with Death.

*The Third Song in the Royalist, Sung by
 Mr. Bowman.*

NOW now the Tories all must droop
 Religion and the Laws,
 And Whigs of Commonwealth get up,
 To top the Good Old Cause;
 Tantivy Boys must all go down
 With haughty Monarchy;
 The Leather Cap must brave the Crown,
 And hey Boys up go we.

When once the Antichristian crew,
 Are crush'd and overthrow'd,
 We'll teach the Nobles how to sue;
 And keep the Gentry down;

Good manners has an ill report,
And tends to Pride we see,
We'll therefore cry all breeding down,
And hey then up go we.

III.

The Name of Lord shall be abhor'd,
For every man's a Brother,
What reason then in Church or State
One man should rule another?
When we have Pill'd and Plunder'd all,
And level'd each degree,
We'll make their Plump young Daughters fall,
And hey then up go we.

IV.

We'll down with all the Versities
Where Learning is profest,
Because they practise and maintain
The Language of the Beast;
We'll exercise within the Groves,
And teach beneath a Tree,
We'll make a Pulpit of a Cask,
And hey then up go we.

V. What

V.

What though the King and Parliament
 Do not accord together,
 We have most cause to be content,
 This is our Sunshine weather ;
 For if good reason should take place,
 And they should once agree,
 Zoons who would be in a Roundheads case,
For hey Boys up go we.

VI.

We'll break the Windows which the Whore
 Of *Babylon* has Painted,
 And when the Bishops are run down,
 Our Elders shall be sainted ;
 Thus having quite enslav'd the Town ;
 Pretending it to free :
 At last the Gallows claims its own,
And hey Boys up go we.

A Serenade, Sung at Tunbridge.

Look down fair Nymph and see,
 The tenders of a Lovers duty,
 Whose heart till now was free;
 From snares of sweet enchanting Beauty :
 Like Bedlam Tom, I range and sue,
 Around the streets all night I rove,
 For pity then look down and view
 The victim of Almighty Love.

Second Movement.

Like Spirits we wander in dead time of night,
Huzza, Huzza, we roar and we fight ;
 With Bagpipe and Drum,
 We rant our way home :
 But see the Watch comes to oppose our delight.

Chorus.

Charge, charge, hey we scowr,
 Through the Billmen in Flannel,
 And down drops a Constable into the kennel.

A Song in Madam Fickle.

Happy is the Man that takes delight
 In Banqueting his senses,
 That drinks all Day, and then at Night
 The height of joy commences :
 With Bottles arm'd we stand our ground,
 Full Bumpers crown our Bliss,
 Then Roar and Sing the streets around
 In serenading Misses.

I
 By blessings free and unconfin'd,
 We prove without reproaches;
 There's no bliss like a frolick mind,
 Or pleasures like Deboaches:
 Whilst rambling thus new joys we reap,
 In charms of Love and Drinking ;
 Insipid Fops lye drown'd in sleep,
 And the Cuckold he lies thinking.

**'The Rapture: A Song set by
Mr. Farmer.**

I.

AS on *Serenas* panting Brest
The happy *Strephon* lay,
With Love and Beauty doubly blest
He past the hours away:
Fierce Raptures of transporting Love,
And pleasure struck him dumb,
He envied not the pow'rs above,
Nor all the joys to come.

II.

As painful Bees far off do rove,
To bring their Treasure home,
Strephon rang'd the Field of Love,
To make his honny Comb:
Her Ruby lips he suckt and prest,
From whence all sweets derive,
Then buzzing round her snowy Brest,
Soon crept into the live.

*A Song in the Night Adventures, or Squire
Oldsap, set by Mr. Graboc.*

I.

CLOSE in a hollow silent Cave,
Young *Damon* sleeping lay,
Himself one hour from grief to save;
And from the scorching day,
He *Celia* lov'd, whose Face and Wit
Did every Shepherd's sence controul;
Whose flowing hair was Loves soft net,
Whose every glance a heart did get:
And every smile a Soul.

II.

But see what Balm Loves Monarch keeps,
To ease a Lovers pain,
As he in this dark Mansion sleeps,
It fiercely ganto rain:
Fair *Celia* roving through the Farm,
A straying Lamb from hurt to save,
Which found, she folds with her white Arm;
And then to save her from the storm,
Straight slipt into the Cave.

III. The

III.

he drowzy Swain began to smile,
 To see his Heaven so nigh,
 he blusht and fear'd, and all the while
 The Lamb stood bleating by :
 no breath is left her to complain,
 She's now a Captive by surprize,
 And fears approaching joys and pain ;
 Thus at the mercy of the Swain,
 The Charming Virgin lies.

Scotch Song, Sung in the Virtuons Wife.

I.

Sawney was Tall and of Noble Race,
 And lov'd me better than any cane ;
 But noo he liggs by another Lass,
 And Sawney will ne'r be my Love agen :
 I gave him fine Scotch Sarke and Band,
 Put 'em on with mine own hand ;
 I gave him House, and I gave him Land,
 Yet Sawney will ne'r be my Love agen.

II.

I robb'd the Groves of all their store,
 And Nosegays made to give *Sawney* one;
 He kist my Brest and feign wou'd do mere,
 Gud feth me thought he was a bonny one:
 He squeez'd my Fingers, grasp'd my Knee,
 And Carv'd my name on each green Tree,
 And sigh'd and languish'd to ligg by me;
 Yet noo he wonot be my Love agen.

III.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt Face
 He praiz'd, and also my Ruffet Gown,
 But noo he doats on the Copper Lace
 Of some lew'd Quean of *London Town*;
 He gangs and gives her Gruds and Cream,
 Whilst I poor soul sit sighing at heam,
 And near joy *Sawney* unless in a dream;
 For now he near will be my Love agen.

Another

Another Song written at Epsom on Beauty.

I.

Beauty, thou Throne of Graces,
Bright Queen of charming Faces ;
Thou Soul of endless Passion,
Thou Tyrant of the Nation :
Thou God that dost inflame us,
Thou Fury sent to damn us ;
How happy should we be,
Proud foe wer't not for thee?

H.

Numerous shining glories,
Adorn'd my Lovely *Chloris* ;
Her Face was sweet as Summer,
Her Pride did well become her :
Her voice from *Jove* was given,
Each Angel flew from Heaven,
And smiling clapt his wing,
For Joy to hear her sing.

III.

My Soul was still admiring,
 This falser than a Syren ;
 I strongly did besiege her,
 But ne'r durst disoblige her :
 But she like Frosty weather,
 Nipt all my Buds together ;
 And thinking me untrue,
 My fond heart did undoe.

Another made to a pleasant Tune.

I.

WHen to Paradise the Soul is brought,
 The bright dwellers all flock to it ;
 In the eternal rose Groves 'tis sought ;
 Fair the Saints, and Virgins woo it,
 Angels, Cherubins still pursue it :
 Breathing Love with Charming voice,
 Angels, Cherubins still pursue it ;
 Singing Hallelujahs of Celestial joys.

II. When

When fair *Celia* made my heart her prize,
 Every finew felt a pleasure,
 Each kind look from her obliging Eyes;
 Swell'd my joys beyond all measure;
 Love, ah! Love is the only Treasure,
 Joy and blessing of the brave and wise,
 Give me love and life enough and leisure;
 I'll never envy what the fool enjoys.

A Song to Cloris.

NO silly Cloris
 Tell me no such stories,
 True gen'rous Love can never undo ye,
 When I desert ye,
 Let affected Vertue
 Charm every Fop that now does pursue ye;
 Search all human Nature,
 Try every Creature,
 Ransack all Complexions, every face and fea-
 ture;

And when e'r I die
 You'll too late descry,
 None ever yet did love so well as I.

II.

Curse on Ambition,
 What a blest Condition
 Lovers were in, not aw'd by that Dæmon,
 Then cruel Cloris,
 Careless of vain Glories,
 Would reap more Bliss than pride e'r could
 dream on;

We should have no dying,
 No faint denying,
 Sighings or repulses when the soul is flying.
 Mammons trifling toys
 She would then despise,
 And own our Love the center of her joys.

A Song to Astrea.

I.

YOU say I am false, and I freely confess,
 Had you been less Charming, my flame
 had been less;
 But Love, cruel Tyrant, my pain to renew,
 Though I'm fickle to most, makes me constant to
 (you.

II.

I play like a fly with the beams of your Eye,
 And buzzing around it, at last there I dye;
 Sometimes brave my fate and break your
 strong Chain,
 But one pretty glance takes me Prisoner agen.

III.

Then never believe that *Astrea* can find
 Her *Celladon* faithless if she be but kind,
 For my heart like a Taper this quality gains,
 That whilst it has matter gives lustre and flames.

An

*An Epithalamium Sung at the Marriage
of the Lady W.----*

I.

JOY to the Bridegroom, fill the Sky
With pleasing sounds of welcom joy ;
Joy to the Bride ! may lasting bliss,
And every day still prove like this :
Joy to the, &c.

II.

Never were Marriage joys divine,
But where two constant hearts combine ;
He that proves false, himself does cheat,
Like sick men taste, but cannot eat :
He that, &c.

III.

What is a Maidenhead : sh what
Of which weak fools so often prate
'Tis the young Virgin pride and boast,
Yet ne'r was found big when 'twas lost :
'Tis the, &c.

IV. Fill

IV.

Fill me a Glas then to the brink,
 And its confusion here I'll drink;
 And he that basks the Health I nam'd,
 May he dye young and then be dam'd:
 And he that, &c.

A Song in the Fond Husband.

I.

NO more cruel Nymph my passion despise,
 Or slight a poor Lover that Languishing
 dies, (endu'd;
 Though fortune my name with no Titles
 Yet fierce is my passion and warm is my blood:
 The Love of an Emperor no greater can be,
 And Enjoyment's the same in every degree.

II. But

II.

But vig'rous and young I'll fly to thy Arms,
 Infusing my Soul in Elyzium of Charms;
 A Monarch I'll be when I lye by thy side,
 And thy pretty hand my Scepter shall guide:
 Thus charm'd with each other, true Rapture
 we'll prove,
 Whilst Angels look down and envy our Love.

A Song in the Town of Hildesheim.

TO more and more my passion deepens,
 Or light a poor love that I am missing
 (end'd)
 Though fortune my name with no titles
 Yet force is my passion and warm is my blood:
 The Love of an Emperor no greater can be,
 And Enjoyment's the same in every degree.

The Clowns Courtship: *A Song made and sung to the King at Windsor, to an excellent Scotch Tune.*

I.

QUoth *John* to *Joan*, wilt thou have me?
I prethee now wilt, and lse Marry with thee:

My Cow, my Cow. my House and Rents,
Aw my Lands and Tenements:

Say my Joan, say my Joaney, will that not do?
I cannot, I cannot, come every day to woe.

II.

I have Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,
And three fat Hogs pent up in the sty;

I have a Mare and she's cole black,
I ride on her Tail to save her back:

Say my Joan, &c.

III. I

III.

I have a Cheese upon the shelf,
 I cannot eat it all my self;
 I have three gud Marks that lie in a rag,
 In the nook of the Chimney instead of a bag:
Say my Joan, &c.

IV.

To marry I would have thy consent,
 But faith I never could Complement;
 I can say nought but hoy gee ho,
 Terms that belong to Cart and Plough:
Say my Joan, &c.

The Storm : *A Song in Sir Barnaby Whigg.*

Blow Boreas blow, and let thy furly winds
 Make the Billows foam and roar,
 Thou canst no terrour breed in Valiant minds;
 But in spite of thee I'll live and find the shore:

Then

Then cheer my hearts and be not aw'd,
 But keep the Gun-Room clear ;
 Though Hell's broke loose and the Devils roar
 abroad,
 Whilst we have Sea-room, here boys never
 fear ;
 Hey how she tosses up, how far,
 The mounting Topmast touch'd a Star ;
 The Meteors blaz'd as through the Clouds we
 came,
 And Salamander-like we live in flame ;
 But ah we sink, now, now we go
 Down to the deepest shades below : (tell ?
 Alas where are we now ? Who, who can
 Sure 'tis the lowest Room in Hell,
 Or where the Sea Gods dwell ;
 With them we'll live, with them we'll live
 and Reign,
 With them we'll laugh and sing and drink
 amain ;
 But see we mount, see, see, we rise again.

Second Movement,

Though flashes of Lightning and Tempests of
 Rain,
 Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the
 Main ;

Though

Though the Captain does swear,
 Instead of a Pray'r,
 And the Sea is all fir'd by the Demons o'th
 Air;

We'll drink and defie the mad Spirits that fly,
 From the deep to the Sky;

And sing whilst the Thunder does bellow :

For Fate still will have,

A kind Fate for the brave,

And ne'r make his Grave of a Salt-water
 wave :

Todrown, drown, never to drown,

No never to drown a good fellow.

*A Song in the Virtuous Wife, set by
 Mr. Farmer.*

LET the Traytors Plot on, 'till at last they'r
 undone,

By hurting their Brains to decoy us ;

We whose hearts are at rest, in our Loyalties
 blest,

What Demon or power can annoy us?

Ambition

Ambition like Wine, does the senses confound;
 And Treason's a damnable thing;
 Then let him that thinks well see his brimmers
 go round;
 And pray for the safety and life of the King.

Chorus.

let *Cæsar* live long, let *Cæsar* live long,
 for ever be happy and ever be young;
 and he that doth hope to change King for a
 Pope,
 let him die, let him die, whilst *Cæsar* lives long.

TONY: *A Ballad made occasionally by
 reading a late Speech made by a Noble
 P E E R.*

LET *Oliver* now be forgotten, His Policy's
 quite out of doors;
 Let *Bradshaw* and *Hewson* lie rotting, like Sons
 of Phanatical Whores.

D

For

For *Tony*'s grown a Patrician,
 By Voting damn'd Sedition,
 For many years fam'd Politician;
 The mouth of all *Presbyter* Peers.

II.

Tony a Turn-Coat at *Worcester*,
 Yet swore he'd maintain the King's right,
 But *Tony* did swagger and bluster,
 And never drew Sword on his side:
 For *Tony* like an old Stallion,
 Had still the Pow of Rebellion,
 And never was found
 Like a Camelion,
 Still changing both his shape and his ground.

III.

Old *Rowley* return'd (Heaven bless him)
 From exile and danger set free,
 Sly *Tony* made hast to address him,
 And swore none so Loyal as he:
 The King that knew him a Traytor,
 And saw him squint like a Satyr,
 Yet through his Grace
 Pardon'd the matter,
 And gave him since the Purse and the Mace.

IV. And

IV.

And now little Chancellor *Tony*,
 With honor has feather'd his Wing,
 And carefully scrap'd up the mony,
 But never a Groat for the King :
 But *Tony's* luck was confounded,
 The Duke soon smokt him a Round-
 From head to heel (Head,
Tony was sound'd ;
 And Y---k soon put a spoke in his Wheel.

V.

But *Tony* that frets in his Passion,
 Like Boy that has nettled his breech,
 Did late in the House take occasion
 To make a most delicate speech :
 He told the King like a Crony,
 If e'r he hop'd to have mony
 He must be Rul'd,
 Oh fine *Tony* !
 Was ever Potent Monarch so school'd ?

VI.

The King Issues forth Proclamation,
 By Learned and Loyal Advice,
 But *Tony* declares to the Nation,
 The Council will never be wise;
 For *Tony* Rails at the Papist,
 Yet is himself an Atheist,
 Though so precise
 Sneaking and Apish;
 Like holy Quack or Priest in disguise.

VII.

But destiny shortly will cross it,
 For *Tony* grows Gouty and Sick,
 In spite of his Spiggot and Fauser,
 The Stareman must go to Old Nick;
 Ytt *Tony's* madder and madder,
 And M--- blows like a Bladder,
 And others too,
 Who grow gladder,
 That they Great T--- are like to undo.

VIII. But

But now let this Rump of the Law see
 A Maxim, and so we will part,
 Who e'r with his Prince is so lawcy,
 'Tis fear'd is a Traytor in's heart.
 Then *Tony* cease to be Witty,
 By buzzing Treason in City
 And love the King,
 So ends my ditty.
 Or else may'st thou swing like a dog in a string.

The Generous Lover. *A new Song, set by*
Mr. Tho. Farmer.

THE Night her blackest Sables wore,
 All gloomy were the Skies,
 And glittering Stars there were no more,
 Than those in *Stella's* Eyes,
 When at her Fathers Gate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been,
 And shrowded only by her Smock,
 This Angel let me in.

II.

Fast lock'd within my close Embrace,
 She trembling lay agham'd.
 Her swelling Breasts and glowing Face,
 And every touch inflam'd;
 My eager passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the Fort to win,
 And her fond heart was soon betray'd
 To yield and let me in.

III.

Ah! Then beyond expressing,
 Immortal was the Joy,
 I know no greater blessing;
 So much a God was I:
 And she transported with delight,
 Oft pray'd me come agen,
 And kindly vow'd that every night,
 She'd rise and let me in.

IV. But

IV.

But ah ! at last she prov'd with Bearn,
 And fighting fat and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd
 Look'd then just like a Fool :
 Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o'r,
 Repenting her sweet sin,
 She sigh'd and curst the fatal hour
 That e'r she let me in.

V.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such Beauty part ?
 I lov'd her so I could not leave
 The Chamber for my heart ;
 But Wedded and conceal'd her Crim :
 This still was well agen :
 And now she thanks the blessed time
 That e'r she let me in.

RESOLUTION.

Long did I Love to my Torment,
 But *Phillis* grew Proud and Cruel,
 Slighting all means of preferment,
 I Languish'd my life away,
 Jealousies doubts and despairs
 Did hourly encrease the Fuel;
 Sighs and a deluge of Tears
 Wore out the tedious day:
 But now I know what the worst of Love is,
 I'll leave it quite o'r, and I'll languish no more,
 Let the Amorous Cully despair;
 My Love I will lend; to my Bottle and Friend,
 And still live as free as Air.

II. Charming

II.

Charming and bright as a Goddess,
 Was *Phillis* when first I Lov'd her,
 Now she is Proud and Immodest;
 Ah pitty 'twas her Crime,
 Though she too dearly did love it,
 She'd rail when e'r I mov'd her:
 Scorn of a blessing they Covet,
 Damns Women before their time;
 Why should a Man that has sense and honour,
 Doat on a snare that the Devil made fair,
 As a Plague to the best of Mankind?
 They Love, Fawn and Pray, and yet hate the
 next day;
 There's no Joy like Wit and Wine.

Love's

Love's World: A Copy of Verses Translated out of the French of Astea, Written by my Uncle Durley.

Great Artist, Love, the sure Foundation
 Laid,
 And out of me another World has made;
 The Earth is my Fidelity, which stands
 Immovable by any Mortal hands,
 And as this World upon the Earth is founded,
 So this on my fidelity is grounded.

II.

If any fits of jealousy do make,
 The Earth of my fidelity to shake,
 And cause my solid constant heart to tremble,
 Imprison'd Winds exactly they resemble:
 Which being in the pregnant Womb inclos'd,
 Makes me and the whole Globe be discompos'd.

III. My

III

My Tears the Ocean are, as soon you may
Empty the Sea, as them dry up or stay;
My sighs so many storms are, which rebel
And make this Sea to bubble and to swell;
And my Eyes flowing Rivulets do glide,
Paying their constant Tribute to this Tide.

IV

The Air my Will is, pure Serene and free,
And always waits on my fidelity;
The Wind is my Desire; and rules my Will,
Which by the stronger gust is moved still;
And as in Caverns we do see the Windy
So my Desire is in my Heart confin'd.

V

The Fire, invisible mixt in the Air,
Those secret flames which burn my Heart up,
And as this Element no Eye can see,
Even so my flames within me smother'd be;
But as all fire some nourishment does crave,
So must mine die or nourishment must have.

VI. My

VI.

My Hopes the Moon is, which does still increase
 Or else diminish always more or less;
 And as fair *Silvia*, I do find it true;
 I have no light until supply'd by you;
 So she no bright perfection ever won,
 'Till beautify'd with glories from the Sun,

VII.

The Sun is your incomparable Eye,
 Which other Planets does so far outvie;
 That as the Sun life to the World does give,
 So Lovers die unless you bid them live;
 'Tis day when you appear, and it is night,
 Obscurely dark, when you are out of sight.

VIII.

The Summer is my Joy, when you do please
 To shine upon me, and my passions ease;
 The Winter is my Fear, when you withdraw,
 And my despairing doubts deny to thaw;
 And then alas! what Fruit can Autumn bring,
 When I can find no Flowers in my Spring.

The Hornpipe.

BUT when the Bottles rowl about and
 Glasses
 Plague of all Intrigues, a Pox on charming
 Faces ;

Let the puny Lover sigh and whine and moan,
 Like a fluttering drone, make an Insect humming;
 Beauty here we see, more bright than any she,
 Never out of humour, kind and always coming.

*The Caterwauling : A Song made at Epsom,
 alluding to an Intrigue there.*

I.

TWO Cats were playing by a Well-side,
 And one of these two Cats fell in,
 The Cat that was left most bitterly wept,
 Because she was t'other Cats Cousin Jermain.

II.

But e'r she could hide her sorrows, and wipe
 The Tears from her fair sweet Eyes that fell,
 Malitious Fate brought another fierce Cat,
 To see her bemoan her dear Love in the
 Well;

Some time this Cat in a Window had sat,
 And seen her bemoan her dear Love in the
 Well.

III.

This Cat of mode did the t'other Cat keep,
 And had given her many a Rich Tabby
 Gown,

Deserted his Spouse, to feast her with his Mousse,
 And made her outbrave all the Cats in the
 Town;

Her Champion was, in all Chances befell her,
 And had often fought for her in Garret and
 Cellar.

IV. But

IV.

But now his heart with jealousie burns,
His Eyes he inflames, and his Claw does
whet ;

The loving Pur to loud howling he turns,
And Lion-like stares on the other poor Cat :
Ah ! false one, cries he, what a plague did you
want,
To howl for this Fool, and desert your Gallant ?

Have I so long been your Cully and Fop ?
And kept my poor Wife so long from Town,
Spent all my Estate to keep you at your rate ;
Every Tooth in your Head has cost me a
Pound,
And am I thus jilted by a Cat-Whore,
Go, go, you'r a Puss, and I'll see you no more !

*A Song in the Night Adventures, or Esquire
Oldsap, set by Monsieur Graboe.*

I.

HOW frail is Old Age to believe
Their sinews can ever be strong,
Or think, that a heap
Of Diseases can reap

The pleasures of him that is young.

Cho. He plunges in care let him do what he can,
So wretched a thing is a doating Old Man.

II.

His life has been spent in Deboach,
'Till he comes to be fixty or more,
And so wenches on
'Till his vigour be gon,

And then the old Letcher gives o'r.

Cho. A passion that's sickly can never last long,
And an Old doating Fool is far worse than
a Young.

A Drinking Song.

I.

Come fill the Glasses until they run o'r,
 Wine is the Mist'ris we ought to adore ;
 Women are pretty Fantastical toys,
 'Tis to please foolish and ignorant boys :
 But Wine, Wine, 'tis Wine alone that affords
 the true joys ;
 'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine alone that affords the
 the true joys.

II.

Wine keeps out envy and grief from our
 hearts,
 Wine keeps us from blind Love and his darts ;
 We ne'r at Fortunes Injustice complain,
 Nor are we troubled for *Celia's* disdain :
 But all, all, all our Cares are drown'd in
 Champaign,
 All, all our Cares are drown'd in Cham-
 paign.

E

III. Come

Come fill the Glass and I'll drink a new
 Health,
 Which shall not be to my Wit or my Wealth,
 Or to my Mistris, to his, or to thine,
 But to a Creature more rare and divine :
 Come here, here, here, to the best—
 I mean the best Wine ;
 Here, here's to the best, I mean the best
 Wine.

A Catch by another hand.

THough the Town be destroy'd, since our
 selves we enjoy,
 Where e'r we reside we'll make a new Troy ;
 When weary of one place our minds compass
 all,
 Thus Man's the great World, and the Globe
 but the small.

Chorus.

Then drink your Veins full, and whilst waters
glide
About the dull Earth, let Wine be your Tide:
Then drink your Veins full, and whilst waters
glide
About the dull Earth, let Wine be your Tide:

Another.

I.

SOME Thirty or Forty or Fifty at least,
Or more, I have lov'd in vain, in vain,
But if you'll vouchsafe to receive a poor guest,
For once I will venture again.

II.

How long I shall be in this mind, this mind,
Is totally in your own power ;
All my days I can pass with the kind, the kind,
But I'll part with the Proud in an hour.

III.

Then if you'll be good natur'd, and civil, and
civil,

You'll find I can be so too, so too;
But if not, you may go, you may go to the Devil,
Or the Devil may come to you, to you.

The Libertine : *A Song set to a Tune call'd*
Farmers Maggot.

I.

WHilst Love Predominates over our
Souls,

A Pox on Counsel from tedious Old Fools ;
Rèproofs of the Church-men but whet us the
more,

Whilst liberty Teaches,

And appetite Preaches,

No wealth like a Bottle, no joy like a Wh—

To think of Heaven we ne'r are driven,

But still put in pleasure to make the Scale
even ;

Thus

Thus Kissing, and Wenching, and Drinking
 brave Boys,
 We drive out Collicks
 By nightly Frolicks,
 And drown short Life in a Deluge of Joys.

H.

We choose our Misses by goodness of Face,
 And hate your formal Fops like a long Grace;
 The Minions of Fortune we flight and reprove,
 'Tis she's the Fairy,
 That proves most Airy,
 And Courts our acquaintance with passion
 and love:
 Let the Zealous Miser think he is wiser,
 That late kept a Wench; but now is preciser;
 Whilst we sit and Revel here free from mishaps,
 With Girls as willing,
 As we for a Shilling,
 And fear nought, but Dans, bad Clarret and
 Claps.

*Another Song Translated out of the French
of my Uncle Diurfe.*

I.

THis restless River that does run,
Wave after wave as it begun;
Is like the sorrows that do flow,
Upon my Soul, wee after wee.

II.

As that compell'd by Nature wanders,
Murmuring it self into Meanders;
So I oppress'd by Fortune rove,
Murmuring against my Fate and Love.

A Scotch Song, sung at the Artillery Feast.

I.

WOons, what noo is the matter !
 Gud feth 'tis wond'rous strange,
 The Whiggs do keep like a clatter,
 That nean can pass th' Exchange,
 They cry bread it is pittty,
 Their numbers are no more,
 The Duke does Dine in the City,
 And muckle they fear his power,
 They begin the awd trick agen,
 And Cabal like awd Nick agen,
 Feast three hundred pound thick agen,
 Sike a height they soar :
 Ah bonny London,
 Thou'rt undone
 If e'r thou art in their power.

II.

The wise Old E— with the Spiggot,
 That never knew rest or ease,
 Ods bread is grown sike a Bigot ;
 The Nation has his disease.

More I think I could name ye,
 That make this raree show,
 Bold George, and Politick *Jemmy*;
 Converted by Doctor T. O.
 Both the Sheriffs there should ha been,
 Then how merry they would ha been,
 Met for National good agen,
 As they were before,
 Ah bonny *London*,
 Thou'rt undone,
 If long thou art in their power.

III.

More to shew us what *Ninnys*
 Are all *Rebellious* beasts,
 The Cuckolds sent in their *Guinny's*,
 To make up this *Godly Feast*.
 Never caring or thinking
 What *Insolence* was done,
 Or that their *Plotting* and *Drinking*;
 Should e'r be oppos'd so soon.
 But when they knew they were barr'd agen,
 They sent out the *Black Guard* agen,
 All our *Bonfires* were marr'd agen;
 Slaves did shout and roar:
 Ah bonny *London*,
 Thou'rt undone,
 If e'r thou art in their power.

IV. Right

IV.

**Right and Royalty Governs,
Which Rebels would overthrow,
They once were fatal to Sovereigns;**

Ah let 'em no more be so.

But to baffle Oppression,

Inspir'd by Fate Divine,

Defend the Crown and Succession;

And keep it in the Right-Line.

Every Souldier will fight for it,

Each bold Genius will write for it,

And the Whigs hang in spite for it,

Losing Regal power:

And bonny *London*,

They're undone,

That thought to usurp once more:

The

The Spinning Wheel, a Pastoral, made at
New-Hall, and Sung to the KING
at Windsor.

UPon a sunshine Summers day,
When every Tree was green and gay,
The Morning blisht with Phebus ray,
Just then ascending from the Sea,
As Silvio did a Hunting ride,
A lovely Cottage he spy'd;
Where lovely Cloe Spinning sat,
And still she turn'd her Wheel about.

II.

Her face a Thousand Graces crown,
Her Curling hair was lovely Brown,
Her Rowling Eyes all hearts did win,
And white as down of Swans her Skin;
So taking her plain dress appears,
Her Age not passing sixteen years,

The Swain lay sighing at her foot,
Yet still she turn'd her Wheel about.

III.

Thou sweetest of thy tender kind,
Cries he, this ne'r can suit thy mind,
Such Grace attracting noble Loves,
Was ne'r design'd for Woods and Groves,
Come, come with me to Court my Dear,
Partake my Love and Honour there;
And leave this Rural sordid rout,
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

IV.

At this with some few modest sighs;
She turns to him her Charming Eyes;
Ah! tempt me Sir no more she cries,
Nor seek my weakness to surprize,
I know your Arts to be believ'd,
I know how Virgins are deceiv'd;
Then let me thus my Life wear out,
And turn my harmless Wheel about.

V. By

V.

By that dear panting breast cries he,
 And yet unseen divinity ;
 Nay by my Soul that rests in thee,
 I swear this cannot, must not be ;
 Ah cause not my eternal woe,
 Nor kill the Man that loves thee so ;
 But go with me and ease my doubt,
 And turn no more thy Wheel about.

VI.

His Cunning Tongue so play'd its part,
 He gain'd admission to her heart ;
 And now she thinks it is no sin,
 To take Loves fatal poyson in ;
 But ah too late she found her fault,
 For he her Charms had soon forgot ;
 And left her e'r the year ran out,
 In tears to turn her Wheel about.

*Advice to the City: Sung to the King at
Windsor, to a Theorbo.*

I.

Remember ye *Whiggs* what was formerly
done,

Remember your mischiefs in *Forty* and *One*;
When friend oppos'd friend, and Father the Son,
Then, then your Old Cause went rarely on,
The Cap sat aloft, and low was the Crown,
The Rabble got up and the Nobles went down;

Lay Elders in Tubs,

Rul'd Bishops in Robes,

Who mourn'd the sad fate

And dreadful disaster, of their Royal Master
By Rebels betraid.

Chorus.

Then *London* be wise and baffle their power,
And let 'em play the Old Game no more;

Hang, hang up the Sh——

Those Baboons in power,

Those popular Thieves,

Those Rats of the Tower,

Whose

Whose Canting Tales the Rabble believes ;

In a hurry,

And never sorry,

Merrily they go on :

Fie for shame, we're too tame, since they claim

The Combat :

Tan tarra rarra, Tan tarra rarra,

Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,

The strong Militia guards the Throne.

II.

When Faction possesses the Popular Voice,

The Cause is supply'd still with Nonsense and
Noise ;

And *Tony* their Speaker the Rabble leads on,

For he knows if we prosper that he must run :

Carolina must be his Station of ease,

And *London* be rid of her worst disease :

From Plots and from Spies,

From Treasons and Lies

We shall ever be free,

And the Law shall be able, to punish a Rebel

As cunning as he.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Then *London* be wise and baffle their power,
 And let 'em play the Old Game no more ;
 Hang, hang up the Sh—

Those Baboons in power,
 Those popular Thieves,
 Those Rats of the Tower,
 Whose Canting Tales the Rabble believes ;

In a hurry,
 And never sorry,
 Merrily they go on :

Fie for shame, we're too tame, since they claim
 The Combat :

Tan tarra rarra, Tan tarra rarra,
 Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,
 The strong Militia guards the Throne.

III.

Rebellion ne'r wanted a Loyal pretence,
 These Villains, swear all's for the good of
 their Prince ;

Oppose our Elections to show what they dare,
 And losing their Charter arrest the Mayor ;

Fool

Fool *Je*——was the Captain of the Cuckoldy
 Crew,
 With *Ell*—— and *Jea*—— and *H*——the Jew ;
 Fam'd sparks of the Town
 For wealth and renown,
 Give the Devil his due,
 And such as we fear, had our Sovereign been
 there,
 Had arrested him too.

Chorus.

Then *London* be wise and baffle their power,
 And let 'em play the Old Game no more ;
 Hang, hang up the Sh——
 Those Baboons in power,
 Those popular Thieves,
 Those Rats of the Tower,
 Whose Canting Tales the Rabble believes ;
 In a hurry,
 And never sorry,
 Merrily they go on :
 Fie for shame, we're too tame, since they claim
 The Combat :
 Tan tarra rarra, Tan tarra rarra,
 Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,
 The strong Militia guards the Throne.

A Song, Sung to the King at his Entertainment
at my Lord Conways at Windsor.

I.

WHEN Godlike *Cæsar* from his Throne,
Descends to tast of Mortal Joy,
And from his awful hand lays down
The dazling Rains of Monarchy:
The Queen of Love and Beauty flies,
To calm his frowns and cares release;
Brim full of liquid Love her Eyes,
And Breast like the white land of Peace.

II.

Then, then an equal power they show,
In Union all true bliss relies,
He carries Thunder in his brow;
She killing Lightning in her Eyes:
Yet only hurtful to her foes,
Whose brutal Malice she would tame,
O'r others it divinely grows,
A Glory in a Lambent flame.

III.

In Love is our Eternal rest,
 Salvation there does chiefly lie,
 In *Cæsars* pleasure we are blest;
 In his content depends our joy:
 So *Jove* and Pregnant nature prove,
 The blessings they for us design'd;
 Since from their everlasting Love
 Springs all the joys of human kind.

The Court Star: A Poem on the
Dutchess of —.

I.

WE all to Conquering Beauty bow,
 Its Influence I admire,
 But never saw a Star 'till now
 That like you could inspire:
 Now I may say I met with one,
 Amazes all Mankind,
 And like Men gazing on the Sun;
 With too much light am blind.

II. Like

II.

Like the bright Genius of your Race,
 You spread your Influence,
 Your own Sex borrows from your Face;
 And ours from your sence:
 Pardon me, since my thoughts I raise,
 With this blest Theam delighted,
 For since all loudly speak your praise,
 Then when shou'd I not write it.

III.

The glittering Temple of our God,
 Is deckt with forms divine,
 But amongst all the Heavenly crowd,
 Is ne'r a Face like thine;
 The strictest zeal Apostate stands,
 When so much Grace they view,
 To Heaven they trembling lift their hands;
 But Eyes and Hearts to you.

IV.

Calm as the tender moving sighs,
 When longing Lovers meet ;
 Like the Divining Prophets wife,
 And like blown Roses sweet :
 Modest yet Gay, reserv'd yet free,
 Each happy night a Bride,
 A Mein like awful Majesty,
 And yet no spark of Pride.

V.

The *Patriarch* to gain a Wife,
 Chast, Beautiful and Young,
 Serv'd Fourteen years of painful life,
 Yet never thought 'em long ;
 Ah ! were you to reward such cares,
 And Life so long could stay,
 Not Fourteen, but Four Hundred years ;
 Would seem but as one day.

VI. Thus

VI.

Thus when eternal kindness flow'd,
 E'r wretched *Adam* sinn'd,
 Heavens bounteous hand on him bestow'd,
 A lovely Female friend.
 I know not how he priz'd that life,
 But this I'm sure is true,
 If a true blessing be a Wife,
 She then must be like you.

Dissembled Love : *A Song set by Mr. Abel.*

I.

When *Damon* does his Passion show,
 Dissembling I despise ;
 Yet though a Frown sits on my Brow,
 I languish with my Eyes :
 When e'r he does his Tale begin,
 And I would seem most coy ;
 My poor Heart pants to let him in,
 Although my Tongue deny.

II.

'Gainst Honour, the Tyrant of our Souls,
 And Love, the greater Foe;
 Some God that o'r my Fate controuls,
 Inspire me what to do:
 For long if Love invade my Heart,
 From Honour I must fly;
 And if my Honour Love subvert,
 'Twill soon my Life destroy.

A Levet to the Artillery: *A Song made
 upon His Royal Highness's Leading the
 Artillery-Company through the City;
 Set to an excellent Minuet of Monsieur
 Grabue's.*

ALL Loyal Hearts, take off your Brimmers,
 Bow down ye Cuckolds, Whiggs, and
 Trimmers;
 Sneak in your Shops, and go crouch to your
 Wives,
 Keep in your Noses, for fear of your Lives:

Great

Great York like God Mars rides through the
City,

And leads on the Brave, and the Witty ;

Ye Rogues, truckle down ;

'Tis not your Branches

Can succour your Haunches,

If once you are known.

'Tis not your Horns

Can secure from his Arms,

If you chance to be known.

The Horse-Race : *A Song made and sung
to the King at Newmarket : Set to an
excellent Scotch Tune, called, Cock up
thy Beaver, in four Strains.*

TO Horse, brave Boys of *Newmarket*, to
Horse,

You'll lose the Match by longer delaying ;

The Gelding just now was led over the Course,

I think the Devil's in you for staying :

Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters,

Bets may recover all lost at the Groom-Porters.

Follow, follow, come down to the Ditch,

Take the Odds, and then you'll be rich ;

For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blew Bonnet
 ride,
 And hold a thousand Pounds of his side Sir :
Dragon would scower it, but *Dragon* grows
 old ;
 He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot,
 Now run it, as lately he could :
 Age, Age, does hinder the Speed Sir.
 Now, now, now they come on,
 And see, see the Horse lead the way still ;
 Three lengths before at the turning the Lands,
 Five hundred Pounds upon the brown Bay
 still ;
 Pox on the Devil, I fear we have lost,
 For the Dog, the *Blue Bonnet*,
 Has run it, a Plague light upon it,
 The wrong side the Post ;
 Odsounds, was ever such Fortune.

To Cynthia : A Song set by Mr. King.

I.

ENamour'd Angels leave the Sky,
 To hear the Musick of her Tongue ;
 Fond *Cupids* round about her fly,
 To kiss her as she walks along :

The

The Trees all bow their verdant Heads;
 Like humble Lovers when she talks;
 And blushing Flow'rs deck the Meads,
 As proud they may adorn her Walks.

II.

She has such Beauty as were fit
 To bless the greatest Monarch's side ;
 A Mine of rich obliging Wit,
 Without the least allay of Pride.
 Tell me no more of Joys above,
 With which immortal Souls are crown'd ;
 There is a Rapture in her Love,
 Which zealous Bigots never found.

*A Song made to an excellent Tune of
 Mr. Peasable's,*

I.

SUCH a damn'd Fatigue Fools do make of
 Wooing, (pains ;
 That the pleasure got is seldom worth the
 Men of deep Intrigue with eternal Cooing,
 By their mighty Passions shew their little
 Brains :

See

See a Fop there cringing, making ugly Faces,
Hear him swear, no Joy like *Sylvia's* soft Em-
braces ;

Vow a thousand Graces,
Crowns her as she passes,
Die by her Eyes,
And all confounded Lies.

II.

All the charming Nymphs Experience teach ye,
Blunt and honest Lovers ever prove the best ;
Prating noisie Fops fain would over reach ye,
And with gingling Nonsense hope to charm
your Breast.

Shun the fulsom Tool when e'r he comes be-
fore ye,

Pity 'tis a Fool should triumph o'r ye :

He will ne'r adore ye,
Though he may implore ye ;
Vow and swear too,
There's not a word on't true.

The Law of Nature : *A Song Pindarick-
way to Astrea, and sung to the King at
Windsor : made to an excellent new Tune
of Mr. Akeroyd's.*

I.

WHilst their Flocks were feeding
Near the Foot of a flowry Hill,
Celadon complaining of his Fate,
Thus to *Astrea* cry'd :
Hear my gentle pleading ;
Ah ! cruel Nymph ! forbear to kill
A Shepherd with Disdain and Hate,
Whom you have once enjoy'd !
There is a Sacred Pow'r in Love
Is beyond all Mortal Rules ;
Follow the Laws of Nature,
For the Divine Creator
Did produce,
And for Human use
Did Beauty chuse,
Who deny themselves, are Fools.
Every Heart is pair'd above,

And

And Ingratitude's a sin
 to all the Saints so hateful,
 She that is found ingrateful,
 May too late,
 in a wretched state,
 Knock at Heavens Gate,
 But shall never enter in.

II.

Had our first made Father,
 Lord of the whole Creation,
 Done such a Crime as could have damn'd us all,
 Trespassing on his Wife ;
 Jove no doubt had rather,
 When he the ill design had known,
 Have plac'd his Angel e'r the Fall,
 Guarding the Tree of Life,
 But he that well knew *Adam's* Breast,
 Whom Nature learnt to woo,
 Never intended damning,
 Nor had the Serpents shamming
 Edified ;
 For the Bone of his Side,
 That was made his Bride,
 Taught him what he was to do.
 Nor was the Maker e'r posselt

With

The Wedding: *A Dialogue between John and Jug, sung in the Cheats of Scapin by Mr. Reading and Mrs. Norris; set by Mr. Farmer in two Parts.*

John. **C**OME Jug, my Hony, let's to bed,
It is no sin, since we are Wed;
For when I am near thee, by desire,
I burn like any Coal of Fire.

Jug. To quench thy Flames I'll soon agree,
Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea;
All night within my Arms shalt be,
And rise each Morn' as fresh as he.

Chorus.

Come on then, and couple together, come all,
The Old and the Young, the Short and the Tall;
The richer than *Cressus*, and poorer than *Job*,
For 'tis Wedding and Bedding that Peoples the
Globe.

II. John.

II.

John. My Heart and all's at thy Command;
 And though I've never a Foot of Land,
 And six fat Ews, and one milch Cow,
 I thing, my *Jug*, is Wealth enow.

Jug. A Wheel, six Platters, and a Spoon,
 A Jacket edg'd with blue Galloon;
 My Coat, my Smock is thine, and shall,
 And something under best of all.

Chorus.

Come on then, and couple together, come all,
 The Old and the Young, the Short and the Tall;
 The richer than *Cressus*, and poorer than *Job*,
 For 'tis Wedding and Bedding that Peoples the
 Globe.

A Scotch Song made to the Irish Jigg,
and sung to the King at White-Hall.

I.

I Ately as through
The fair *Edenborough*,
To view the gay Meadows as I was a ganging;
Jockey and *Moggey*
Were walking and talking
Of Love and Religion, thus closely Haranguing.
Never, says *Moggey*,
Come near me, false *Jockey*,
For thou art a *Whigg*, and I vow to abhor thee;
Iz be no Bride,
Nor will lig by my side,
For no sneaking Rebel shall lift a Leg o'r me.

II.

Jockey.

Fairest and Dearest,
And to my Heart nearest,

To

To live with thy Frowns I no longer am able;
 I am so loving,
 And thou art so moving,
 Each hair of thy Head ties me fast as a Cable:
 Thou hast that in thee
 Ize sure to win me,
 To Jew, Turk, or Atheist, so much I adore thee;
 Nothing I'd shun
 That is under the Sun,
 So I have the pleasure to lift a Leg o'r thee.

III.

Moggey.

Plotters and Traytors,
 And Associators,
 In every degree thou shalt swear to oppose 'em;
 Swimmers and Trimmers,
 The Nation's Redeemers,
 And for thy Reward thou shalt sleep in my Bosom
 I had a Dad,
 Was a Royal brave Lad,
 And as true as the Sun to his Monarch before me;
 Moggey he cry'd,
 The same hour that he dy'd,
 Let no sneaking Rebel e'r lift a Leg o'r thee.

IV. *Jockey.*

IV.

Jockey.

Adieu then, ye Crue then,
 Of Protestant Blue Men,
 Fo Faction his *Moggey* from *Jockey* shall sever ;
 Thou shalt at Court
 My Conversion report, (favour :
 I am not the first *Whigg* by his Wife brought in
 Ize never deal
 For the dull Commonweal,
 To fight for true Monarchy shall be my Glory ;
 Lull'd with thy Charms,
 Then I'll dye in thy Arms,
 When I have the pleasure to list a Leg o'r thee.

The Enjoyment : or No, no, chang'd
 to Ay, ay.

I.

When the Kine had given a Paleful,
 And the Sheep came bleating home ;
 Doll that knew it would be healthful,
 Went a walking with young Tom :

G

Hand

Hand in Hand Sir, o'r the Land Sir,
 As they wander'd to and fro ;
Tom made jolly Love to *Dolly*,
 But was dash'd with No, no, no ;
 No, no, no ; no, no, no.

II.

Faith, says *Tom*, the Time's so fitting,
 We shall never get the like ;
 You can never stir from knitting,
 When I am digging in the Dike :
 Now we are gone too, and alone too,
 No one by to see or know ;
 Prethee *Dolly*, shall I, shall I ?
 Still she answer'd, No, no, no, &c.

III.

Fie upon you men, cries *Dolly*,
 In what Snares you make us fall ;
 You get nothing but the Folly,
 But I should get the Devil and all :
Tom with Sobs, and some dry Bobs,
 Cry'd, You'r a Fool to argue for ;
 Come, come, shall I ? Prethee *Dolly* !
 Still she answer'd, No, no, no, &c.

IV. To

IV.

To the Tavern then he took her,
 Wine to Love's a Friend confess'd;
 By the Hand he often shook her,
 And drunk Brimmers to the best;
 She grew warm, and thought no harm,
 'Till after a brisk Pint or two;
 To what he said, the silly Jade
 Could hardly get out, No, no, no, &c.

V.

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
 In the Country, or the Town;
 And began to be so mellow,
 On the Couch she laid her down;
 Tom to woo her then came to her,
 Thinking this the time to try;
 And something past, so kind at last,
 The Note was chang'd to Ay, ay, ay;
 Ay, ay, ay; ay, ay, ay.
 G. VI Closely

VI.

Closely now were joyn'd their Faces,
 Lovers, you know what I mean;
 Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
 Love was now too far got in:
 Both now lying, panting, dying,
 Calm succeeds the stormy Joy;
 Tom would fain renew agen,
 And Doll consents with Ay, ay, ay;
 Ay, ay, ay; ay, ay, ay.

A Song set by Mr. Thomas Farmer.

I.
HOW sweet is the Passion of Love!
 How gay is the Joy of the Soul!
 How pleasing those Favours do prove,
 Whose Kindness does Fortune controul!
 Her Eyes that with influence shone,
 Obtain'd such a Sovereign Pow'r;
 They exhal'd out my Soul like the Sun,
 When it draws up the Dew from a Flow'r.

II. Let

II.

Let no Man believe he is wise,
 By applauding the Musical Sphere;
 But turn his Ear to her Voice,
 And all that is Charming is there:
 My Heart which no Face could command,
 Within her sweet Bosom I lost;
 And with every touch of her hand,
 I was ready to give up the Ghost.

Love's Complaint against Honour.

Sing. B. B. B.
 I.

HAppy were the Rural Swains,
 That lov'd with freedom all the day;
 That sung their Passions on the Plains,
 And pass'd with joy their Hours away:
 Er Ambition taught Mankind
 To know Degrees of less or greater;
 We a true Content did find,
 And found a thousand times the better.

II.

What's the gawdy, lofty Sky
 The worse, for blessing Earth with Rain?
 Or the dazling Day,
 For stooping to the lowly Main?
 Ah then! why should I be blamed,
 For letting poor *Amor* woo me?
 Yet I die with blushing Shame,
 For Honour tells me he's below me.

Advice to a Painter; excellently set by
Monsieur Baptiste.

I.

Come, curious *Painter*, A lovely Art
 On *Cynthia's* lovely Face be shown;
 Come draw her Picture from my Heart,
 And if thou canst, defend thy own!
 But ah! 'tis much in vain to try;
 For thou art Man as well as I.

And

II.

And none that's born of Mortal Race,
 Can scape unwounded from our Eyes ;
 Nor view the Glories of her Face,
 But with Despair or Pleasure dies :
 Such was the Prophet's trembling Awe,
 When he the Great Creator saw.

III.

First in her Soul-commanding Face,
 A Sacred Innocence display ;
 Then make her blush with such a Grace,
 As when *Aurora* paints the Day :
 And let it by thy Skill be shown
 For others faults, and not her own.

IV.

Draw in her Smiles, all Joys that grow
 In Heaven, and happy Lovers crown ;
 And in a corner of her Brow,
 Damnation lurking in a Frown :
 Then paint me dying at her Feet,
 Thou hast done all that's Brave and Great.

The Winchester Christning : The Sequel
of the Winchester Wedding : A new
Song, set to the Tune of a pretty Country
Dance, called, The Hemp-Dresser.

I.

THe Sun had loos'd his weary Team,
And turn'd his Steeds a grazing;
Ten Fathoms deep in Neptune's Stream,
His *Thetis* was embracing:
The Stars tripp'd into the Firmament,
Like Milkmaids on a May-day;
Or Country Lasses a Mumming tent,
Or School-boys on a Play-day.

II.

A pace came on the Gray-ey'd Morn',
The Herds in the Fields were lowing;
And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
The Ploughman's Clock late crowing:

When

When *Roger* dreaming of golden Joys,
 Was wak'd by a bawling Rout Sir ;
 For *Cissy* told him, he needs must rise,
 His *Juggy* was crying out Sir.

III.

Not half so quickly *Cups* go round,
 At the toping a good Ale Firkings;
 As *Roger* Hosen and Shoon had found,
 And button'd his Leather Jerkin:
 Gray Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,
 With Pillion on Buttock right Sir,
 And thus he to an old Midwife rid,
 To bring the poor Kid to light Sir.

IV.

Up, up, dear Mother, then *Roger* cries,
 The Fruit of my Labour's new come;
 In *Juggy*, Belly it sprawling lies,
 And cannot get out 'till you come.
 I'll help it, cries the old Hag, ne'r doubt,
 Thy *Jug* shall be well again Boy;
 I'll get the Urchin as safely out,
 As ever it did get in Boy.

The Mare now **Bustles** with all her feet,
 No whipping or Spurs were wanting;
 At last into the good House they get,
 And Mew soon cry'd the Bantling:
 A Female **Chin** so small was born,
 They put it into a Flagon;
 And must be **Christen'd** that very Morn',
 For fear it should die a Pagan.

Now Roger **Cruts** about the Hall,
 As great as the Prince of Condy;
 The Midwife cries, her Parts are small,
 But they will grow larger one day:
 What though her Thighs and Legs lie close,
 And little as any Spider;
 They will, when up to her Teens she grows,
 By Grace of the Lord be wider.

VII. And

VII.

And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
 The Gossips were void of shame too ;
 In Butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,
 Demands the Infant's Name too,
 Some call'd it *Phil*, some *Florida*,
 But *Kate* was allow'd the best hint ;
 For she would have it *Cunicula*,
 'Cause there was a pretty Jest in't.

VIII.

Thus *Cuny* of *Winchester* was known,
 And famous in *Kent* and *Dover*;
 And highly rated in *London Town*,
 And courted the Kingdom over:
 The Charms of *Cuny* by Sea and Land,
 Subdues each human Creature ;
 And will our stubborn Hearts command,
 Whilst there is a Man, or Nature.

edT

Bartholomew.

Bartholomew-Fair: *A Catch, set to Musick*
by Dr. John Blow.

Here is the rarity of the whole Fair,
Pimper-le-pimp, and the wise Dancing
Mare;

Here's valiant St. George and the Dragon, a
Farce,

A Girl of Fifteen with strange Moles on her
A—.

Here is *Vienna* besieg'd, a rare thing, (King:
And here's *Punchinello* shown thrice to the
Then see the Masks, to the Clôister repair,
But there will be no Raffing, a Fox take the
May'r.

The

Bartholomew

The Shuttlecock : *A new Song, set to a
pretty Scotch Tune by Mr. Courtiville.*

HAve you seen Battledore play, (one ?
Where the Shuttlecock flies to and fro
Or, have you noted an *April* day,
Now raining, now shining,
Now warming, now storming ;
Ah ! just, just such as these is a Woman.
Love and true Merit do seldom prevail,
For always we hold a wet Eel by the Tail,
Their Tongues ne'r are idle,
The Humour's a Riddle.
They prick with their Needle,
And ogle and wheedle ;
And if they have Charms,
'Tis rarely that Beauty is true t'ye,
For few or none you are sure are your own,
But in your Arms.

Love

**Love Unblinded: A new Song, set to Musick
by Mr. William Turnce.**

MY Life and my Death were once in your
pow'r,
I languish'd each moment, and dy'd ev'ry hour;
But now your ill usage has open'd my Eyes,
I can free my poor Heart, and give others Ad-
vice:
By Dissembling and Lies the Coquet may be
won,
But he that loves faithfully, will be undone.

Time was, false *Aurora*, I thought you as bright
As Angels adorn'd in the Glories of Light;
But your Pride and Ingratitude now, I thank
Fate, (Cheat:
Have taught my dull Sence to distinguish the
And now I can see in your Face no such Prize,
No Charms in your Person, no Darts in your
Eyes.

III. Fain,

III.

Fain, fain for your sake my Amours I would end,
And the rest of my days give my Books, and
my Friend;

But another kind Fair calls me fool, to destroy,
For the sake of one Jilt, my whole Life's
greatest Joy:

For though Friends, Wine, and Books, make
Life's Diadem shine;

Love, Love is the Jewel that makes it so fine.

The STORM: Set to Musick by
Mr. Henry Purcell.

I.

FArewel ye Rocks, ye Seas, and Sands,

Green Neptune I despise;

I'll rather court the pleasant Strands,

Than all his watry Joys:

Inconstant Bliss our Fate beguiles,

The Sea like Love we find;

Where Calms are like fair Cynthia's Smiles,

And frowns like gusts of Wind.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Hear the noise
 Of the Tarpawlin Boys ;
 Port, port, Luff hawl aft the Sheet
 Is the Mariner's Wit :
 A plague of their ignorant Prattle,
 And send me to Land,
 Where I may command
 A pretty kind Wench, and a Bottle.

II.

With all God's Miracles at Land,
 Let me acquainted be ;
 Let Fools that more would understand,
 Go find them out at Sea.
 His mighty Works I'll praise on Shore,
 And there his Blessings reap ;
 But from this moment seek no more
 His Wonders in the Deep.
 Chor. *Port, port. &c.*

III. The

III.

The Merchant, when the Sails are fur'd,
 Glides o'r the foamy Main;
 And ploughs with ease the wat'ry World,
 So great a Charm is Gain!
 When Avarice has any Bounds,
 If his contented were;
 I'd wage a hundred thousand Pounds,
 He never would come there,
 Chor. *Port, port, &c.*

The Perfection: *A new Song to the Dutchess,*
Set to Musick by Dr. John Blow.

WE all to conqu'ring Beauty bow,
 Its pleasing pow'r admire;
 But I ne'r knew a Face 'till now,
 That like yours could inspire.
 Now I may say, I met with one
 Amazes all Mankind;
 And like Men gazing on the Sun,
 With too much light am blind.

H

II. Soft

II.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
 When longing Lovers meet ;
 Like the divining Prophets wife,
 And like blown Roses sweet :
 Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
 Each happy Night a Bride ;
 A Mein like awful Majesty,
 And yet no spark of Pride.

III.

The Patriarch, to gain a Wife,
 Chast, Beautiful, and Young,
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
 And never thought 'em long.
 Ah! were you to reward such Cares,
 And Life so long could stay ;
 Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
 Would seem but as one Day.

A new SONG; Set to Musick by
Mr. Thomas Farmer.

Why! why!
Oh ye Pow'rs that rule the Sky!
Must the Love-sick *Damon* die?
When the Nymph is at ease, he admires;
She that causes my groaning,
And kills with frowning,
For Love her hard Heart could never inspire:
Ah! leave me to pain still,
Since 'tis in vain, still to persuade,
Or change the fair cruel Maid.

II.

Down, down,
By a Brook I'll lay me down,
Where the Stream does sadly run,
Whose Waves my Tears shall still encrease;
Oh ye merciless Powers!
That talk of showers
Of Joys in Heaven poor Mortals possess!

Ah! if you would have me
 Ever believe Joys after Death,
 Give me her to strengthen my Faith.

The Distrust: *A new Song set to Musick*
 by Mr. John Lenton.

I.

NO, Gilly Glorrs!
 Tell me no such Stories,
 True gen'rous Love can never undo ye;
 When I desert ye,
 Let affected Virtue
 Charm ev'ry Fop that now does pursue ye;
 Search all human Nature,
 Try ev'ry Creature,
 Study all Complexions,
 Ev'ry Face and Feature;
 And when e'r I die,
 You'll too late descry
 None ever yet did love so well as I.

II. Curse

II.

Curse on Ambition,
What a bless'd condition

Lovers were in not aw'd by that *Demon* ;

Then cruel *Cloris* !

Careless of Vain-Glories, (dream on:
Would reap more Bliss than Pride e'r could

We should have no dying,

No Self-denying,

Sighings or Repulses,

When the Soul is flying ;

But truly wise,

Dirt she would despise,

And own her Love the Crown of all her Joys.

The Passion ; set to Musick by
Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

I.

BY all the Pow'rs ! I love you so,
Nothing's so dear to me below ;
And when I would your Scorn forsake,
Some Angel turns, and brings me back :

H 3

Although

Although my Heart's not fool'd with ease,
 Yet you may break it when you please;
 'Tis noble, and does rather dare
 To die, than languish and despair.

II.

Ah! tell me not that Men deceive,
 But if you'd be believ'd, believe;
 My Heart, like Tapers, shut in Urns,
 Whilst Love gives Matter ever burns:
 Since kindness has restless Charms,
 And Beauty, wanting Youth, decays;
 Make hast, and fly into my Arms.
 And crown my bless'd remaining Days.

*A Dialogue betwixt Alexis and Sylvia: Set
 to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcel.*

I.

Alexis.

Sit down my dear *Sylvia*, and then tell me,
 tell me true,
 When we the fierce pleasure of Passion first
 knew; What

What Senses were charm'd, and what Raptures
did dwell

Within thy fond Heart, my dear Nymph!
prethee tell!

That when thy Delights in their fulness are
known,

I may have the joy to relate all my own.

VI.

II.

Sylvia.

Oh fie, my *Alexis*! how dare you propose

To me silly Girl, things immodest as those!

Nice Candor and Modesty glow in my Breast,

Whose Vertue can utter no words to enchain;

But if your impatience admits no delay,

Describe your own Raptures; and teach me
the way.

III.

Alexis.

A Pain mix'd with Pleasure my Senses first
found,

When crowds of Delight straight my Heart did
surround;

A Joy so transporting, I sigh'd when 'twas
done,

And said would renew, but alas! all was gone!
Coy Nature was treacherous, when first she
meant

A Treasure so precious so soon should be spent.

IV.

Sylvia.

This free kind Confession does so much prevail,
That in your Bosom would blush out my Tale;
But Dearest, you know 'tis too much to de-
clare

The Joys that our Souls when united, do share,
Let this then suffice, if the Pleasure could last
A Saint would turn mortal, still so to be blest.

Chorus.

Let this then suffice, if the Pleasure could last,
A Saint would turn mortal, still so to be blest.

A Pain mix'd with Pleasure my Senses fill
On

*On Augustus and Sophronia, set to Musick
by Senior Baptist.*

I.

A *Augustus* crown'd with Majesty,
His weighty Care removing,
Beheld his World, but nought could spy,
Worth Royal Thought, but Loving
A Synod of the Gods appeare,
And vote their Sacred Senes;
That none but the divinest Fair,
Should bless the greatest Prince.

II.

Sophronia their Command obeys,
Sophronia their chief Blessing;
With Dove-like Innocence, her Face
Was sweet beyond expressing:
A Time commanding Beauty must,
While the World lasts, be fine;
And when the World is shok to dust,
The Sun will cease to shine.

A Scotch Song, sung to the King at Windsor

I.

JUST when the Young and Blooming Spring,
 Had melted down the Winter Snow;
 And in the Grove the Birds did sing
 Their Charming Notes on every Bough.
 Poor *Willy* sat bemoaning his fate,
 And woful state,
 For loving, loving, loving,
 Loving, and despairing too:
 Alas! he'd cry, that I must die
 For pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.

I.

Willy was late at a Wedding House,
 Where Lords and Ladies danc'd all arow:
 But *Willy*, saw none so pretty a Lass,
 As pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.

Her

Her bright Eyes, with smiling Joys,
 Did so surprise,
 And something, something, something
 Else, that shot him through :
 Thus *Willy* lies entranc'd in joys,
 With pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.

III.

And God of Love was *Willies* friend,
 And cast an Eye of pity down;
 And straight a fatal Dart did send,
 The Cruel Virgins Heart to wound.
 Now every dream, is all of him,
 Who still does seem
 More lovely, lovely, lovely,
 Since the Marriage Vow :
 Thus *Willy* lies entranc'd in joys,
 With pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.

The Winchester Wedding.

AT Winchester was a Wedding,
 The like was never seen,
 'Twixt lusty *Ralph of Reading*,
 And bonny black *Bess of the Green*:
 The Fiddles went Crouding before,
 Each Lass was as fine as a Queen;
 There was a hundred or more,
 For all the Country came in.
 Brisk *Robin* led *Rose* so fair,
 She look'd like a *Lilly o' th' Vale*:
 And Ruddy fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
 And *Roger* led *Bouncing Nell*.

II.

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,
 He help'd her over the stile,
 And swore there was none so pretty
 In forty and forty long Mile.

Kit gave a Green Gown to *Betty*,
 And lent her his hand to rise ;
 But *Jenny* was jeared by *Watty*
 For looking blew under the Eyes :
 Thus Merrily Chatting all,
 They pass'd to the Bride House along,
 With *Jonny*, and pretty *Fa'd Nanny*,
 The fairest of all the throng.

III.

The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
 Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,
 And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
 With Bak'd, and Roast'd and Boil'd.
 The Lads were frolick and jolly,
 For each had his Love by his side:
 But *Willy* was Melancholy,
 For he had a mind to the Bride:
 Then *Philip* begins her Health,
 And turns a Beer-Glass on his Thumb,
 But *Jenkin* was rated for drinking
 The best in Christendom.

IV. And

IV.

And now they had Din'd, advancing
 Into the midst of the Hall,
 The Fiddlers struck up for dancing,
 And *Jeremy* led up the Brawl :
 But *Margery* kept a quarter,
 A Lass that was proud of her pelf ;
 'Cause *Arthur* had stoln her Garter,
 And swore he would tie it himself ;
 She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
 And ready with anger to cry,
 'Cause *Arthur* with tying her Garter
 Had slipt up his Hand too high.

V.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
 The Bride away was led,
 The Bridegroom got Drunk, was knocking
 For Candle to light 'em to Bed ;
 But *Robin* that found him silly,
 Most friendly took him aside,
 The while that his Wife with *Willy*
 was playing at Hoopers hide.

And

And now the warm Game begins,
 The Critical minute was come,
 And Chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,
 Went merrily round the Room.

VI.

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
 And blith as a Bird in the Spring ;
 And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,
 And Wedded her with a Rush Ring.
Suekey that Danc'd with the Cushion,
 An hour from the Room had been gone ;
 And *Barnaby* knew by her blushing,
 That some other Dance had been done :
 And thus of fifty fair Maids
 That came to the Wedding with men,
 Scarce five of the fifty, was left ye,
 That so did return agen:

The

The Gilt : *A Song sung to the King*
at Winchester.

I.

ON a Bank in flowry June,
When Groves are Green and Gay,
In a smiling Afternoon,
With Doll young Willy lay.
They thought none were to spy 'em;
But Nell stood listening by 'em.
Oh Fie! Doll cryed, no I Vow,
I'd rather die than wrong my modesty,
Quoth Nell, that I shall see.

II.

Smarting pain the Virgin finds,
Although by Nature taught,
When she first to Man inclines,
Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.
Then who would lose a Treasure
For such a Puny pleasure?
Not I, Not I, no, a Maid I'll live and die,
And to my Vow be true:
Quoth Nell, the more Fool you.

III. To

III.

To my Closet I'll repair,
 And Godly Books peruse,
 Then devote my self to Prayer :
 Quoth *Nell*, and D— use.
 You men are all perfidious,
 But I will be Religious. (ye all,
 Try all, fly all, whilst I have breath, deny
 For the Sex I now despise :
 Quoth *Nell*, by G—d she lies.

IV.

Youthful blood o'rspreads her Face,
 When Nature Prompts to sin,
 Modesty Ebbs out apace,
 And Love as fast flies in.
 The swain that heard this schooling,
 Asham'd, left off his fooling;
 Kill me, kill me, now I'm ruin'd, let me die :
 You have damn'd my soul to Hell;
 Try her once again, cries *Nell*.

I b New

New Market: *A Song sung to the*
KING there.

THE golden Age is come,
 The ~~Winter~~ Storms are gone :
 Flowers spread and bloom,
 And smile to see the Sun.

Who daily gilds the Groves,
 And calms the Air and Seas :
 Nature seems in Love,
 When all the world is in peace.

Ye Rogues come Saddle Ball,
 I'll to New Market scour,
 You never mind when I call,
 You should have been ready this hour :

For there are the Sports and the Games,
 Without any plotting of State :
 From Treason, or any such shams,
 Deliver us, deliver us, O Fate !

Lets be to each other a prey,
 To be cheated be every ones Lot,
 Or chous'd any sort of a way,
 But by another Plot.

Let Cullies that lose at a Race,
 Go venture at Hazard and win;
 And he that is bubbled at Dice,
 Recover it at Cocking again.

Let Jades that are foundred be bought;
 Let Jockeys play Crimp to make sport,
 For Faith it was strange, methought,
 To see *Tinker* beat the Court.

II.

Each corner of the Town,
 Rings with perpetual noise;
 The Oyster bawling Clown,
 Joyns with hot Pudding Pyes:

Who both in Confort keep,
 To vend their stinking Ware:
 The Drowzy god of sleep
 Has no Dominion here.

Hey Boys the *Jockeys* roar,
 If the Mare and Gelding run,
 I'll hold you five Guinias to four,
 He'll beat her and give half a stone.

Adfookers, cries Bulky tis done,
 Or else I'm the Son of an Whore ;
 And would I could meet with a man
 Will offer it, will offer it once more.

See, see the Damn'd Vice of this Town,
 A Fop that was starving of late,
 And scarcely could borrow a Crown,
 Puts in to run for the Plate.

Another makes Racing a Trade,
 And dreams of projects to come ;
 And many a Crimp Match is made
 By bubbling another mans Groom.

The Townsmen are *Whiggish*, I'll swear,
 Their hearts are but Loyal by fits ;
 For if we should search with great care,
 They're nasty as their streets.

III.

But now all hearts beware,
 See, see, on yonders Downs
 Beauty triumphs there,
 And at this distance wounds.

In the *Amazonian* Wars,
 Thus all the Virgins shone ;
 Thus like glittering Stars
 Paid homage to the Moon.

Love proves a Tyrant now,
 And here does proudly dwell;
 For each stubborn Spirit must bow,
 He has found out a new way to kill.

Nor ne'r was invented before,
 Such Charms of additional Grace,
 Nor had Divine Beauty such power,
 In every, in every fair Face.

Udsbows, cries my Country-man *John*,
 Was ever the like before seen,
 By Hats and the Feathers they'd on,
 I took em all for men.

Embroidered and fine as the Sun,
 On Horses and Trappings of Gold,
 Such a show I shall ne'r see again
 Should I live to an hundred years old.

This, this, is the Country discourse,
 All wondring at the rare fight :
 Then Roger go Saddle my Horse,
 For I will be there to night.

To Silvia : *A Song set to a new Play-
 House Tune.*

I.

State and Ambition alas will deceive ye,
 There's no solid Joy but the blessing of
 Love,

Scorn does of pleasure, fair *Silvia*, bereave you,
 Your Fame is not perfect till that you remove.
 Monarchs that sway the vast Globe in their
 Glory,

Know Love is their brightest Jewel of power,
 Poor *Philemon*'s heart was ordained to adore ye,
 Ah! then disdain his Passion no more.

II. *Love*

II.

Jove on his Throne, was the Victim of Beauty,
His Thunder laid by, he from Heaven came
down ;

Shap'd like a Swan to fair *Leda* paid duty,
And priz'd her far more than his Heavenly
Crown.

She too was pleas'd with her beautiful Lover,
And stroak'd his white Plumes, and feasted
her Eye; (her,
His cunning in Loving knew well how to move
By billing begins the business of Joy.

III.

Since divine powers examples have given,
If we should not follow their Precepts, we
sin ;

Sure 'twill appear an affront to their Heaven,
If when the Gate opens we enter not in.
Beauty, my dearest, was from the beginning,
Created to calm our Amorous Rage ;
And she that against that decree will be sin-
ning,

In Youth still will find the Curse of old Age.

A Song on the late Victory over the Turks.

I.

HArk the thundring Canons roar,
 Ecchoing from the *German* shoar,
 And the Joyful news comes o'r,
 The *Turks* are all confounded:
Lorrain comes, they run, they run;
 Charge with your Horse through the grand
 Half-Moon,
 We'll Quarter give to none,
 Since *Staremburg* is wounded.

II.

Close your Ranks and each brave soul,
 Take a lusty flowing bowl,
 A grand Carouse to the Royal *Pole*,
 The Empires brave Defender.
 No man leave his Post by stealth,
 Plunder the Barbarous *Viziers* wealth,
 But drink an Helmet full, the Health
 Of the second *Alexander*.

III. *Mahomet*

III.

Mahomet was a sober Dog,
 A Small-Beer, Drouzy, Senseless Rogue,
 The juice of the Grape, so much in vogue,
 To forbid to those adore him:
 Had he but allowed the Vine,
 Given them leave to Carouse in Wine;
 The *Turks* had safely pass'd the *Rhine*,
 And Conquer'd all before him.

The *KINGS* Health.

I.

JOY to great *Cesar*,
 Long Life, Love, and pleasure;
 'Tis a Health that divine is,
 Fill the Bowl such as mine is,
 Let none fear a Feaver,
 But take it off thus Boys,
 Let the King live for ever,
 'Tis no matter for us Boys,

II. Try

II.

Try all the Loyal,
 Desie all, give denial;
 Sure none thinks the Glafs too big here,
 Nor any Prigg here, or sneaking *Whigg* here
 Of cripple *Tony's* Crew,
 That now looks blew,
 His heart akes too,
 The Tap won't do,
 His Zeal so true,
 And projects new,
 Ill Fate does now pursue.

III.

Let *Tories* Guard the King,
 Let *Whiggs* in Halters swing;
 Let *Pilk*— and *Sh*— be sham'd,
 Let bugging *O*— be damn'd;
 Let cheat *Pl*— be nick'd,
 The Turncoat Scribe be kick'd:
 Let Rebel City Dons
 Never beget their Sons;
 Let every *Whiggish* Peer
 That Rapes a Lady fair,
 And leaves his only Dear

The sheets to gnaw and tear,
 Be punish'd out of Hand,
 And forc'd to pawn his Lend
 T' attone the grand Affair.

IV.

Creat *CHARLES*, like *Jehova*,
 Spares Foes would unking him,
 And warms with his Graces
 The Vipers that sting him;
 'Till crown'd with just anger
 The Rebels he seizes:
 Thus Heaven can thunder,
 When ever it pleases,

V.

Then to the *DUKE* fill,
 Fill up the Glafs,
 The Son of our *Martyr*, belov'd of the King:
 Envied and lov'd,
 Yet blest'd from above,
 Secur'd by an Angel, safe under his Wing.

VI. Faction

IV.

Faction and Folly
 And State-Melancholly,
 With *Tony* in *Whigland* for ever shall dwell:
 Let Wit, Wine and Beauty,
 Then teach us our Duty,
 For none e'r can love and be wise and rebel.

Fool turned Critick.

I.

THE Age is refin'd, and the Vulgar no
 more
 Are despised for their Talent of sense :
 Good Wit at the best, is esteem'd but a jest,
 A Fool is encourag'd, desert is suppressed,
 That will flourish an hundred years hence.

II. Feirce

II.

Feirce Criticks, like Kings, rule over this Isle,
 As the insolent Judges of Wit, (bought,
 And though they have none but what is dear
 Yet, to be judicious, they fain would be thought,
 By the Gleanings they get in the Pit.

III.

Then let the precise, despair to be wise,
 Let Wisdom forsake her abode, (Town,
 Since wit is made none, by the Fops of the
 Debauches increased, and good Fancies o'r-
 thrown;
Chorus. By a pleasant Vice Alamode.

I.

I Found my *Celia* one night undrest,
 A precious Banquet for languishing Love;
 The Charming object a flame increast,
 Which never, ah never! till then I prov'd.

Her

Her delicate Skin, and Starry Eye,
 Made me a secret bliss pursue ;
 But with her soft hand she still put it by,
 And Cry'd, fie, *Aminor* what would you do.

II.

Her words and blushes, so fired my heart,
 I pull'd her to me and clasp'd her around,
 And though with cunning she plaid her part,
 Yet fainter, and fainter her threats I found.
 But when I least thought on her, least I desired,
 My love a forbearance should allow,
 A touch of her Hand my Heart so inspired,
 My Passion was melted I know not how.

III.

Which when fair *Celias* quick Eye perceiv'd,
 And found by my calmness my Passions decay,
 Her Fate she inwardly seem'd to grieve,
 That fool'd her, and cool'd her, so base a way :
 She sigh'd and looked pale, to see me dull,
 And in her Heart this Oath she swore,
 She never again would slight an Address,
 Nor the Critical minute refuse no more.

I.
NO more dull reason, seek no more,
 To feed me to thy slender Food,
 Thy sober Precepts have no power
 To keep me from my chiefest good.
 In Love and Wine, my bliss relies,
 And he that e'r would happy be,
 His growing Appetite must prize,
 Defie all cares, and live like me.

II.
 To ramble from Taverns is nightly our Task,
 To roar through the streets, and debauch the
 next Mask;
 To baffle the Watch, in despite of their Bills;
 Get home, and next morning to Breakfast with
 Pills;
 Till Cramp't with the Pox, we aspire to renown;
 Take state, and are call'd brisk men of the Town.

III. We

III.

We know no rapture, own no wit,
 But what impertinence is known ;
 At Plays we range our selves i'th Pit,
 And hate all Fancies but our own.
 We rail and hiss, that men may see,
 We men of Sense and Judgment are ;
 But if examined seriously,
 The Devil a grain we have to spare.

Fond Husband : *A Scotch Song.*

I.

IN *January* last, on *Munnunday* at morn,
 As a long the fields I past, to veiw the *Winter*
 Corn, (Slough,
 I leaked me behind, and saw come o'r the
 Yenglenting in'an Apron, with a boony brent
 (brow.

II.

I bid good morrow, fair Maïd, and she right
 curteously, (agen to ye.
 Bekt lew, and fine kind Sir, she said, gud day

I speard o her, fair Maid, quo I, how far in-
tend you now, (brow.
Quo she, I mean a Mile or twa to yonder bonny

III

Fair Maid I'm weel contented to ha sike com-
pany, (to be:
For I am ganging out the gate that you intend
When we had walk'd a Mile or twa, I said to
her, my Dow, (bonny brow.
May I not light your Apron. fine kiss your

IV:

Nea, gud Sir, you are far mistean, for I am
nean o those, (womans Cloaths :
I hope you ha more breeding than to light a
For I've a better chosen, than any sike as you,
Who boldly may my Apron light, and kiss my
bonny brow.

V

Nay, gif you are Contracted, I have no more
to say, (play
Rather than be rejected, I will give o'r the

K

And

And I will choose yen o my own, that shall not
o'r me rew. (bonny brow.
Will boldly let me light her Apron, kiss her

VI.

Sir I see you are proud hearted, and leath to be
said nay, (I did say :
Youd need not tull ha started for eaight that
You know wemun for modesty no at the first
time boo, (kind as you.
But gif we like your Company, we are as

VI.

Madam Fickle.

Bacchus, thou mighty power divine,
Great god of Mirth, and sprightly Wine,
Behold us here that kneeling shew,
The duty that we owe.
We through thy influence rejoyce,
And thus with free and chearful voyce,
The fame and praises sing
OF Bacchus, our god and king.

Chorus.

Chorus.

'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine, that still controuls,
 And Fame and Love must both strike fail,
 Their lies such vigour in full bowls,
 The Fate of Princes can't prevail.
 The wreaths of great Heroes, his Altar shall
 Crown,

Whilst the Grave and the Prudent bow down,
 When Beauty darts a smiling beam,
 Our souls are ——— by Loves extream;
 But one brisk Glass takes care away,
 And yeilds back the prey.
 No fate of Love, or piercing Dart,
 Can wound, when Wine surrounds the Heart,
 Still guarding it from Care:
 It baffles Fate, and flights the Fair.

A Scotch Song in the Trick for Trick.

A Broad as I was walking, upon a Summer
 day,
 There I met with a Beggar woman Cloathed

K 2

Her

Her Cloaths they were so torn, you might have
seen her Skin.

She was the first that taught me to see the Golin.
Ah see the Golin my Jo! see the Golin.

II.

You youngsters of delight, pray take it not in
icorñ, (born;

She came of *Adams* seed, though she was basely
And though her Cloaths were torn, yet she had
a milk white skin.

She was the first, &c.

III.

She had a pretty little Foot, and a moist hand,
With which she might compare to any Lady in
the Land; (Chin.

Ruby Lips, Cherry Cheeks, and a dimpled
She was the first, &c.

IV.

Whan that Ay had wooed, and wad her twa
my will, (Baby still:

Ay could not then devise the way to keep her

She

She bid me be at quiet, for she valued it not a
 She was the first, &c. (Pin.

V.

Then she takes her Bearn up, and wraps it weel
 in Cloaths, (her Toes,
 And then she takes a Golin and stuck between
 And ever as the Lurden cry'd, or made any din,
 She shook her Foot and cry'd, my Jo, see the
 Golins

Ah see the Golin my Jo! see the Golin.

Commonwealth of women: *A Song*
between two Amazons.

I.

Am. I. **L**iberty's the soul of living,
 Every hour new joys receiving:
 No sharp pangs our hearts are grieving;
 Liberty's the soul of living.

K 3

II. Here

II.

Here are no false men pursuing
 Youth, or Beauty to its ruin :
 Murmuring sighs, like Turtles cooing,
 Nor the bitter sweets of wooing.
 Liberty's the soul of living,
 Liberty's the soul of living.

III.

Am. 2. In soft dreams our souls are wasted,
 All our solid joys are blasted :
 Sweet *Diana*, ere I'm past it,
 Change thy Law, and let me taste it.

IV.

But how vain are hopes or sorrows,
 Pensive Nights, or sighing Morrows ;
 Love's a prey not destin'd for us,
 All our Quivers want their Arrows.
 There's no Liberty like loving,
 There's no Liberty like loving.

Chorus.

Chorus by both.

Then since we are doom'd to be Chast,
 And loving is counted a crime,
 We'll to our new pleasures make hast;
 Sing, Revel, and Laugh our time:
 And do what we can,
 Not to think of a man,
 But make the best use of our prime.

I.

C*ynthia* with an awful power,
 O'r all hearts extends her sway,
 Did the *Eastern* Natives know her,
 They'd less prize the god of Day.
 On her Brow Night shady lies,
 Whilst Morning breaks from her fair Eyes.

II.

When she Dances, all the graces
 Charming motion treat your Eyes;
 When she Sings, she doubly blesses
 With her skill and Angels Voice.

Musicks soul in Airs sublime,
 Whilst every Heart still beats the time:

III.

When she smiles you may discover
 Golden Coasts, and wealthy bliss,
 But her Frowns throw back each Lover
 To cold *Green-Land* where we freeze,
 Men may see the glittering shore,
 But ne'r deserve to reach the Ore.

Song in the Banditti.

I.

THere is a black and fullen hour, (know,
 Which Fate decrees our life should
 Else we should slight Almighty power,
 Rapt with the joys we found below.
 'Tis past dear *Cynthia*, now let frowns be gone :
 A long, long, Penance I have done,
 A long, long, Penance I have done
 For Crimes, alas ! to me unknown,

II. In

H.

In each soft hour of silent night,
 Your Image in my dreams appears;
 I grasp the soul of my delight,
 Slumber in joy, but wake in tears.
 Ah! faithless charming Saint, what will you do?
 Let me not think, I am by you,
 Let me not think, I am by you
 Lov'd less, lov'd less, for being true.

I.

Ban. 1. **T**HE joys of Court, or City,
 The fame of Fair, or witty,
 Are toys to the Banditti,
 Whilst our Cups we drein.

H.

Ban. 2. We love, we laugh, we lye here,
 We eat, we drink, we dye here,
 And valiantly desie here
 All the power of Spain.

III. But

III.

But when by our Scout, a prize we find,
We all run out to seize him,
Stand, stand, we cry,
Or ye Dog, ye dy
Without any more ado.

IV.

Chorus.

All this brings us no slander,
Each Conquering great Commander,
And mighty *Alexander*,
Were Banditties too.

V.

Ban. I. Some we bind, and some we gag,
Some we strip and plunder,
Some that have store of Gold,
Into our Cave we draw.

VI. *Chorus.*

VI.

Chorus.

Thus like first moulded Matter,
 Our Principles we scatter,
 'Twas folly made good Nature,
 And fear that first made Law.

VII.

Ban. 2. And when we come home, our Dorries
 To bid us kindly welcome; (run
 Plump, Fresh, and Young, all down do lye,
 On Beds of Moss, to sport.

VIII.

Chorus.

Thus every valiant Ranger,
 Lies at rack and manger,
 And he that's past most danger,
 Has most kisses for't.

Ban. XI.

IX.

Ban. Fools do whine, and sigh, and pine,
 Fools fall sick of Feavers,
 Fools doat on fleeting joys,
 That oft does ruin bring.

X.

Chorus.

Whilst without begging pity,
 Of the wise, the fair, or witty,
 The brave, the bold Banditti
 Has the self same thing.

III.

A new Litany, design'd for this Lent, and to be Sung in all the Conventicles, in and about London, for the Instruction of the Whiggs. By T.D.Gent. Set familiarly to an Excellent Old Tune, call'd Cavalilly Man.

I.

From Counsels of Six, where Treason prevails,
From raising Rebellion in *England*, and *Wales*,
From *Rumbold's* short Cannons, and Protestant
Flails,

For ever good Lord deliver me.

II.

From *Shaftsbury's* Tenets, and *Sydnie's* Old Hint,
From seizing the King by the Rabble's Consent,
From owning the Fact, and denying to Print,
For ever, &c.

III. From

IV. From

III.

From aiming at Crowns, and indulging the sin,
 From playing *Old Nol's Game* over agen;
 From a *Bon* and a *Rebel*, fluff up in one skin,
 For ever, &c.

IV.

From Swearing of Lyes like a Knight of the Post,
 From Pilgrims of *Spain*, that should Land on
 our Coast,
 From a Plot like a Turd, swept about 'till 'tis
 Lost,
 For ever, &c.

V.

From *Presbyter* Bandogs, that Bite and not
 Bark,
 From losing ones Brains by a blow in the Dark,
 From our Friends in *More-fields*, and those at
More-park.
 For ever, &c.

VI. From

VI.

From Citizens Consciences, and their Wives
 Itch,
 From Marrying a Widow that looks like a
 Witch, (Rich,
 From following the Court with design to be
For ever, &c.

VII.

From *Trimmers* arrainging a Judge on the Bench,
 From slighting the Guards, that we know will
 not Flinch, (Pinch,
 And from the Train'd Bands Royal-Aid at a
For ever, &c.

VIII.

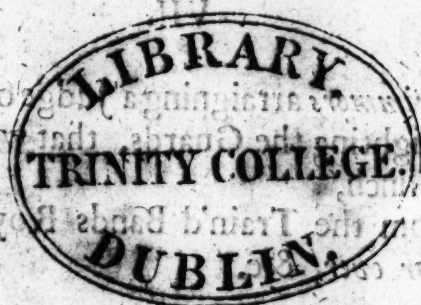
From all that to *Cæsar* sham duty express,
 That cringe at his Couch, and smile in his Face;
 And two years ago thought it scorn to Address,
For ever, &c.

F I N I S.

[179]

VI

From Citizens Conferences, and their Wives
Rich,
From Marrying a Widow that looks like a
Widow (Rich)
From following the Court with design to be
Fits ever &c.



VIII

From all that to Casselham drive express
That cringe at his Couch, and smile in his Face,
And two years ago thought it scorn to Address
For ever &c.

F I N I S

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